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PERSONAL CHARACTER OF LORD BYRON.

Dear Sir,

The following article on the personal character of Lord Byron, will be read, I think, with peculiar interest, as your readers will immediately perceive that it is written by one who has had unusual opportunities of observing the extraordinary habits, feelings, and opinions of the inspired and noble Poet. I am quite sure that, after a perusal of the following paper, the reader will be able to see Lord Byron, mind and all, "in his habit as he lived:"—Much that has hitherto been accounted inexplicable in his Lordship's life and writings is now interpreted, and the poet and the man are here depicted in their true colours. I can pledge myself to the strict correctness of its details. I am, dear sir, &c.

LORD BYRON'S address was the most affable and courteous perhaps ever seen; his manners, when in a good humour, and desirous of being well with his guest, were winning—fascinating in the extreme, and though bland, still spirited, and with an air of frankness and generosity—qualities in which he was certainly not deficient. He was *open* to a fault—a characteristic probably the result of his fearlessness and independence of the world; but so *open* was he that his friends were obliged to live upon their guard with him. He was the worst person in the world to confide a secret to; and if any charge against any body was mentioned to him, it was probably the first communication he made to the person in question. He hated scandal and tittle-tattle—loved the manly straightforward course: he would harbour no doubts, and never live with another with suspicions in his bosom—out came the accusation, and he called upon the individual to stand clear, or be ashamed of himself. He detested a lie—nothing enraged him so much as a lie: he was by temperament and education excessively irritable, and a lie completely unchained him—his indignation knew no bounds. He had considerable tact in detecting untruth, he would smell it out almost instinctively; he avoided the timid driv-

eler, and generally chose his companions among the lovers and practisers of sincerity and candour. A man tells the false and conceals the true, because he is afraid that the declaration of the thing, as it is, will hurt him. Lord Byron was above all fear of this sort; he flinched from telling no one what he thought to his face; from his infancy he had been afraid of no one: falsehood is not the vice of the powerful; the Greek slave *lies*, the Turkish tyrant is remarkable for his adherence to truth.

Lord Byron was irritable (as I have said), irritable in the extreme; and this is another fault of those who have been accustomed to the unmurmuring obedience of obsequious attendants. If he had lived at home, and held undisputed sway over hired servants, led captains, servile apothecaries, and willing county magistrates, probably he might have passed through life with an unruffled temper, or at least his escapades of temper would never have been heard of; but he spent his time in adventure and travel, amongst friends, rivals, and foreigners; and, doubtless, he had often reason to find that his early life had unfitted him for dealing with men on an equal footing, or for submitting to untoward accidents with patience.

His vanity was excessive—unless it

may with greater propriety be called by a softer name—a milder term, and perhaps a juster, would be his love of fame. He was exorbitantly desirous of being the sole object of interest: whether in the circle in which he was living, or in the wider sphere of the world, he could bear no rival; he could not tolerate the person who attracted attention from himself; he instantly became animated with a bitter jealousy, and hated, for the time, every greater or more celebrated man than himself: he carried his jealousy up even to Buonaparte; and it was the secret of his contempt of Wellington. It was dangerous for his friends to rise in the world if they valued his friendship more than their own fame—he hated them.

It cannot be said that he was *vain* of any talent, accomplishment, or other quality in particular; it was neither more nor less than a morbid and voracious appetite for fame, admiration, public applause: proportionably he dreaded the public censure; and though from irritation and spite, and sometimes through design, he acted in some respects as if he despised the opinion of the world, no man was ever more alive to it.

The English newspapers talked freely of him; and he thought the English public did the same; and for this reason he feared, or hated, or fancied that he hated England: in fact, as far as this one cause went, he did hate England, but the balance of love in its favour was immense; all his views were directed to England; he never rode a mile, wrote a line, or held a conversation, in which England and the English public were not the goal to which he was looking, whatever scorn he might have on his tongue.

Before he went to Greece, he imagined that he had grown very unpopular, and even infamous, in England; when he left *Murray*, engaged in the *Liberal*, which was unsuccessful, published with the *Hunts*, he fancied, and doubtless was told so, by some of his aristocratic friends, that he had become *low*, that the *better* English thought him out of fashion and voted him vulgar; and that for the licentiousness of

Don Juan, or for *vices* either practised or suspected, the public had morally outlawed him. This was *one* of the determining causes which led him to Greece, that he might retrieve himself.

He thought that his name coupled with the Greek cause would sound well at home. When he arrived at Cephalonia, and found that he was in good odour with the authorities,—that the regiment stationed there, and other English residents in the island, received him with the highest consideration, he was gratified to a most extravagant pitch; he talked of it to the last with a perseverance and in a manner which showed how anxious his fears had been that he was lost with the English people.

They who have not resided abroad are very little aware how difficult it is to keep up with the state of public opinion at home. Letters and newspapers, which are rarely seen even by the richer traveller on account of the immense expense of their transmission, scarcely do anything more than tantalize the spirit, or administer food to the imagination. *We* gather the state of public opinion by ten thousand little circumstances which cannot, or only a few of which can, be communicated through any other channel of information. While on the spot, absence of calumny, or the fact of not hearing any thing disagreeable, is a proof of its non-existence; abroad, on the contrary, silence is ominous; the fancy is at work, and torments a sensitive man, whose reputation is public property, in a manner of which it is difficult to form an adequate conception: an approach is made to it by wilful seclusion even within the four seas; hence the irritability of Wordsworth; hence also, in a less degree, that of Southey, who mixes a little more with the world.

Lord Byron cannot be said to have been personally vain in any extraordinary degree, that is, not much more than men usually are. He knew the power of his countenance, and he took care that it should always be displayed to the greatest advantage. He never failed to appear *remarkable*: and no person, whether from the

beauty of the expression of his features, the magnificent height of his forehead, or the singularity of his dress, could ever pass him in the street without feeling that he was passing no common person. Lord Byron has been frequently recollected when his portraits have been shown—Ah! (the spectator has exclaimed, on either picture or engraving being seen,) I met that person in such or such a place, at such or such a time.

His lameness, a slight mal-formation of the foot, did not in the least impede his activity; it may perhaps account in some measure for his passion for riding, sailing, and swimming. He nearly divided his time between these three exercises: he rode from four to eight hours every day when he was not engaged in boating or swimming. And in these exercises, so careful was he of his hands (one of these little vanities which sometimes beset men) that he wore gloves even in swimming.

He indulged in another practice which is not considered in England genteel, that is to say, it is not just now a fashion with the upper classes in this country—he *chewed tobacco* to some extent.

At times, too, he was excessively given to drinking; but this is not so uncommon. In his passage from Genoa to Cephalonia, he spent the principal part of the time in drinking with the Captain of the vessel. He could bear an immense quantity of liquor without intoxication, and was by no means particular either in the nature or in the order of the fluids he imbibed. He was by no means a drinker constantly, or, in other words, a drunkard, and could indeed be as abstemious as any body; but when his passion blew that way he drank, as he did every thing else, *to excess*.

This was indeed the spirit of his life—a round of passion, indulgence, and satiety. He had tried, as most men do who have the power, every species of gratification, however sensual. Let no rich young man here who is not living under the surveillance of his relations or in the fear of the public, let no such person turn up

his nose. No men are more given to ring the changes upon gratification of all the sensual kinds than the English, especially the English on the continent,—the English, who in *speech* are the most modest people of the universe, and who, if you might trust their shy and reserved manner, think of nothing but *decorum*. Lord Byron did no more in this respect than almost every other Lord or Esquire of degree has done, and is doing, if he dare, at this moment, whether in London, Paris, Naples, Vienna, or elsewhere, with this difference—Lord Byron was a man of strong powers of intellect and active imagination; he drew conclusions and took lessons from what he saw. Lord Byron too was a man capable of intense passion, which every one who pursues the gratification of his appetite is not; consequently he went to work with a headlong, reckless spirit, probably derived exquisite enjoyment, quickly exhausted himself, and was then left stranded in satiety.

There was scarcely a passion which he had not tried, even that of *avarice*. Before he left Italy he alarmed all his friends by becoming penurious—absolutely miserly, after the fashion of the Elwes and other great misers on record. The pleasures of avarice are dwelt on with evident satisfaction in one of the late cantos of *Don Juan*—pleasures which were no fictions of the poet's brain, but which he had enjoyed and was revelling in at that moment; of course he indulged to excess, grew tired, and turned to something else.

The passion which last animated him was that which is said to be the last infirmity of noble minds—ambition. There can be little doubt that he had grown weary of being known only as a *writer*; he determined to distinguish himself by *action*. Many other motives, however, went to make up the bundle which took him to the succour of the Greeks. Italy was waning in favour, he was beginning to grow weary of the society of the lady, to whom, after the manners of Italy he had been attached, and unfortunately her passion outlived his: even

in Greece she would gladly have joined him; but his Lordship had changed. Then, again, Greece was a land of adventure, bustle, struggle, sensation, and excitement, where the inhabitants have beautiful forms, and dress in romantic habits, and dwell in the most picturesque country of the world; and Lord Byron, as he said himself, had "an oriental twist in his imagination." He knew that the Greeks looked up to him as, what he really was, one of their greatest regenerators; he was aware that his money and rank, would give him unlimited power, influence, and respect; all of which he dearly loved. Then again, if any man ever sympathized deeply with bravery suffering in a generous cause, it was Lord Byron; and when he was roused, in moments of excitement, this sympathy was a violently propelling and a very virtuous motive. These and other secondary considerations led him to Greece, to sacrifice much of his personal comforts, much of his property, his health, and his life.

No two men were ever more unlike than Lord Byron excited and Lord Byron in the ordinary state of calm. His friends about him used to call it *inspiration*; and when men of their stamp talk about *inspiration*, there must no common change take place. When excited, his sentiments were noble, his ideas grand or beautiful, his language rich and enthusiastic, his views elevated, and all his feelings of that disinterested and martyr-like cast which marks the great mind. When in the usual dull mood in which almost every body wearies their friends nine hours out of the ten, his ideas were gross, his language coarse, his sentiments not mean certainly, but of a low and sensual kind; his mood sneering and satirical, unless in a very good humour, which indeed, he often, I may say generally, was. This is, however, the wrong side of the picture in Lord Byron—he may be said here to be taken at the worst. Without being what I have called *excited*, his conversation was often very delightful, though almost always polluted by grossness—grossness of the very

broadest and lowest description, like, I cannot help saying again like almost all his class—all of them that do not live in the fear of God, or of the public. His grossness had the advantage of a fertile fancy, and such subjects were the ready source of a petty kind of excitement; the forbidden words, the forbidden topics, the concealed actions of our nature, and the secret vices of society, stimulated his imagination, and stimulants he loved, and may be said at times to have wanted. He certainly did permit his fancy to feed on this dunghill garbage; now and then, indeed, even here he scratched up a pearl, but so dirty a pearl, few would be at the pains of washing it for all its price.

His letters are charming; he never wrote them with the idea of "The Letters of the Right Hon. Lord Byron, in 6 vols. 12mo." before his eyes, as unfortunately our great men must now almost necessarily do. The public are so fond of this kind of reading, and so justly too, that there is great reason to fear that it will consume what it feeds on. Few things are so charming as to see a great man without all the paraphernalia of his greatness, without his being armed cap-a-pie for public contest, when every point is guarded, and every motion studied: when a man of reputation presents himself to the notice of the world, he must pretend to know every thing, or he will have credit for nothing—he must assume the air of infallibility, or the meanest creature that can read will discover that he is full of error; he must be supposed to have examined the subject in all its bearings, he must have consulted every authority, he must know what every body has said or thought previously on the matter, and he must anticipate what they can possibly say or think in future, or he will be voted a shallow writer, without information, who has produced a work of no value. Then as to style, it must be the abstract of language—it must be impersonal—unindividual—and just such as a literary machine which had the power of grinding thoughts might be supposed to utter. In short, the writer is every

moment afraid of either committing himself or his friends; he is on his good behaviour; and natural freedom, grace, and truth, are out of the question. The writer for the public is as much unlike the real man as the traveller in a stage coach or as the guest at a public ball or dinner is like the lively, careless, rattling, witty, good-natured, fanciful, pleasant creature, at his or her fire-side, among old friends, who know too much of the whole life and character to be alarmed at any little sally, and who are satisfied with such knowledge as their friend possesses, without requiring that he should know every thing. Lord Byron's letters are the models of a species of composition which should be written without an eye to any models. His fancy kindled on paper; he touches no subject in a common every-day way; the reader smiles all through, and loves the writer at the end; longs for his society, and admires his happy genius and his amiable disposition. Lord Byron's letters are like what his conversation was—but better—he had more undisturbed leisure to let his fancy ripen in; he could point his wit with more security, and his irritable temper met with no opposition on paper.

Lord Byron was not ill-tempered nor quarrelsome, but still he was very difficult to live with; he was capricious, full of humours, apt to be offended, and wilful. When Mr. Hobhouse and he travelled in Greece together, they were generally a mile asunder, and though some of his friends lived with him off and on a long time, (Trelawney, for instance,) it was not without serious trials of temper, patience, and affection. He could make a great point often about the least and most trifling thing imaginable, and adhere to his purpose with a pertinacity truly remarkable, and almost unaccountable. A love of victory might sometimes account for little disputes and petty triumphs, otherwise inexplicable, and always unworthy of his great genius; but, as I have said, he was only a great genius now and then, when excited; when not so, he was sometimes little in his conduct,

and in his writings dull, or totally destitute of all powers of production. He was very good-natured; and when asked to write a song, or a copy of verses in an album, or an inscription, for so poets are plagued, he would generally attempt to comply, but he seldom succeeded in doing any thing; and when he did, he generally gave birth to such Grub-street doggerel as his friends were ashamed of, and, it is to be hoped, charitably put into the fire. When, on the contrary, in a state of enthusiasm, he wrote with great facility, and corrected very little. He used to boast of an indifference about his writings which he did not feel, and would remark with pleasure that he never saw them in print, and never met with any body that did not know more about them than himself.

He left very little behind him. Of late he had been too much occupied with the Greeks to write, and, indeed, had turned his attention very much to *action*, as has been observed. Don Juan he certainly intended to continue; and, I believe, that the real reason for his holding so many conferences with Dr. Kennedy in Cephalonia was, that he might master the slang of a religious sect, in order to hit off the character with more verisimilitude.

His religious principles were by no means fixed; habitually, like most of his class, he was an unbeliever; at times, however, he relapsed into Christianity, and, in his interviews with Dr. Kennedy, maintained the part of a Unitarian. Like all men whose imaginations are much stronger than the reasoning power—the guiding and determining faculty—he was in danger of falling into fanaticism, and some of his friends who knew him well used to predict that he would die a Methodist; a consummation by no means impossible.

From the same cause, the preponderance of the imagination, there might have been some ground for the fear which beset his later moments that he should go mad. The immediate cause of this fear was, the deep impression which the fate of Swift had made upon him. He read the life of

Swift during the whole of his voyage to Greece, and the melancholy termination of the Dean's life haunted his imagination.

Strong, overruling, and irregular as was Lord Byron's imagination—a rich vice which inspired him with his poetry, and which is too surely but the disease of a great mind—strong as was this imagination—sensitive and susceptible as it was to all external influence, yet Lord Byron's reasoning faculties were by no means of a low order; but they had never been cultivated, and, without cultivation, whether by spontaneous exertion, or under the guidance of discipline, to expect a man to be a good reasoner, even on the common affairs of life, is to expect a crop where the seed has not been sown, or where the weeds have been suffered to choke the corn. Lord Byron was shrewd, formed frequently judicious conclusions, and, though he did not reason with any accuracy or certainty, very often hit upon the right. He had occasional glimpses, and deep ones too, into the nature of the institutions of society and the foundations of morals, and, by his experience of the passions of men, speculated ably upon human life; yet withal he was any-thing but logical or scientific.

Uncertain and wavering, he never knew himself whether he was right or wrong, and was always obliged to write and feel for the moment on the supposition that his opinion was the true one. He used to declare that he had no fixed principles; which means that he knew nothing scientifically: in politics, for instance, he was a lover of liberty, from prejudice, habit, or from some vague notion that it was generous to be so; but in what liberty really consists—how it operates for the advantages of mankind—how it is to be obtained, secured, regulated, he was as ignorant as a child.

While he was in Greece, almost every elementary question of government was necessarily to be discussed; such was the crisis of Greek affairs—about all of which he showed himself perfectly ignorant. In the case of the press, for instance, and in all ques-

tions relating to *publicity*, he was completely wrong. He saw nothing but a few immediate effects, which appeared to him pernicious or the contrary, and he set himself against or in behalf of the press accordingly. Lord Byron complaining of the licentiousness of the press may sound rather singular, and yet such are necessarily the inconsistencies of men who suffer themselves to be guided by high-sounding words and vague generalities, and who expect to understand the art of government and the important interests of society by instinct. In spite, however, of Lord Byron, the press was established in Greece, and maintained free and unshackled, by one of the greatest benefactors that country has as yet known from England, the Hon. Colonel Leicester Stanhope, who, by his activity, his energy, courage, but, above all, by his enlightened knowledge of the principles of legislation and civilization, succeeded in carrying into effect all his measures, as agent of the Greek committee, and who, by spreading useful information, and, above all, by the establishment of the press in all the principal points of reunion in Greece, has advanced that country in civilization many years, how many we dare not say. Before the establishment of the press, the Greeks were working out their regeneration in various parts of Greece, but not as a whole—without unity of design, or unity of interest,—each centre was ignorant of the operations of all the other centres, except by accidental communication; and communication, from the nature of the country and from the circumstances in which it was placed, was rare and hazardous. The press has greatly assisted to establish one feeling throughout the country; not merely is information passed from one quarter to another by its means, but an interchange of sentiments takes place, and a sympathy is created, advice and encouragement reciprocated, enthusiasm kept alive, and useful principles disseminated through the whole commonwealth. Not only will the press thus accelerate the liberation of Greece, but will also, when that libera-

tion is effected, prevent the separation and dissolution of the country into petty kingdoms and governments, which was the bane of ancient Greece. It is becoming to the body politic what the nerves are to the body physical, and will bind a set of disjected members into one corresponding and sensitive frame. As a proof of Lord Byron's uncertainty and unfixedness, he at one moment gave a very handsome donation of (50*l.*) to one paper, the Greek Chronicle, the most independent of them all, and promised to assist in its compilation. His friend and secretary, too, with his approbation, established a polyglot newspaper, the Greek Telegraph, with his countenance and support. The want of any fixed principles and opinions on these important subjects galled him excessively, and he could never discuss them without passion. About this same press, schools, societies for mutual instruction, and all other institutions for the purpose of educating and advancing the Greeks in civilization, he would express himself with scorn and disgust. He would put it on the ground that the present was not the time for these things; that the Greeks must conquer first, and then set about learning—an opinion which no one could seriously entertain who knew as he well did the real situation of the Greeks, who are only now and then visited by the Turks, descending at particular seasons in shoals, like herrings, and like them too to be netted, knocked on the head and left to die in heaps till the whole country-side is glutted with their carcasses.—The aptitude of the Greeks is as great as their leisure; and if even the men were actively engaged for the most part of their time, which they are not, surely no exertion of benevolence could be attended with more advantage than instructing the children at home. This, to be sure, is a quaker kind of warfare, and little likely to please a poet; though it must be confessed, that in respect to the pomp and circumstance of war, and all the sad delusions of military glory, no man could have more sane notions than Lord Byron. Mercenary warfare and the life-and-death

struggle of oppressed men for freedom are very different things; and Lord Byron felt a military ardour in Greece which he was too wise a man ever to have felt under other circumstances. He was at one time, in Greece, absolutely soldier-mad; he had a helmet made, and other armour in which to lead the Suliotes to the storming of Lepanto, and thought of nothing but of guns and blunderbusses. It is very natural to suppose that a man of an enthusiastic turn, tired of every-day enjoyments, in succouring the Greeks, would look to the bustle, the adventure, the moving accidents by flood and field, as sources of great enjoyment: but allowing for the romantic character of guerilla warfare in Greece, for the excessively unromantic nature of projects for establishing schools and printing-presses in safe places, where the Turks never or very seldom reach; allowing for these, yet they were not the causes of his Lordship's hostility to these peaceful but important instruments in propagating happiness: he was ignorant of the science of civilization, and he was jealous of those who both knew it and practised it, and consequently were doing more good than himself, and began to be more thought about too, in spite of his Lordship's money, which in Greece is certainly very little short of being all-powerful. The Greeks, it is true, had a kind of veneration for Lord Byron, on account of his having sung the praises of Greece; but the thing which caused his arrival to make so great a sensation there was the report that he was immensely rich, and had brought a ship full of *sallars* (as they call dollars) to pay off all their arrears. So that as soon as it was understood he had arrived, the Greek fleet was presently set in motion to the port where he was stationed; was very soon in a state of the most pressing distress, and nothing could relieve it but a loan of four thousand pounds from his Lordship, which loan was eventually obtained (though with a small difficulty), and then the Greek fleet sailed away, and left his Lordship's person to be nearly taken by the Turks in crossing to Missolonghi, as another vessel which contained

his suite and his stores actually was captured, though afterwards released. It was this money too which charmed the Prince Mavrocordato, who did not sail away with his fleet, but stayed behind, thinking more was to be obtained, as more indeed was, and the whole consumed nobody knows how. However, the sums procured from his Lordship were by no means so large as has been supposed; five thousand pounds would probably cover the whole, and that chiefly by way of loan, which has, I hear, been repaid since his death. The truth is, that the only good Lord Byron did, or probably ever could have done to Greece was, that his presence conferred an eclat on the cause all over Europe, and disposed the people of England to join in the loan. The lenders were dazzled, by his co-operation with the Greeks, into an idea of the security of their money, which they ought to have been assured of on much better grounds; but it requires some time and labour to learn the real state of a country, while it was pleasant gossip to talk of Lord Byron in Greece. The fact is, that if any of the foreign loans are worth a farthing it is that to the Greeks, who are decidedly more under the controul of European public opinion than any other nation in the world; about their capability to pay no one can doubt, and their honesty is secured by their interest.

Lord Byron was noted for a kind of poetical misanthropy, but it existed much more in the imagination of the public than in reality. He was fond of society, very good-natured when not irritated, and, so far from being gloomy, was, on the contrary, of a cheerful jesting temperament, and fond of witnessing even low buffoonery; such as setting a couple of vulgar fellows to quarrel, making them drunk, or disposing them in any other way to show their folly. In his writings he certainly dwelt with pleasure on a character which had somehow or other laid hold of his fancy, and consequently under this character he has appeared to the public: viz. that of a proud and scornful being, who pretended to be disgusted with his species, because he

himself had been guilty of all sorts of crimes against society, and who made a point of dividing his time between cursing and blessing, murdering and saving, robbing and giving, hating and loving, just as the wind of his humour blew. This *penchant* for outlaws and pirates might naturally enough flow from his own character, and the circumstances of his life, without there being the slightest resemblance between the poet and the Corsair. He had a kind and generous heart, and gloried in a splendid piece of benevolence; that is to say, the dearest exercise of power to him was in unexpectedly changing the state of another from misery to happiness: he sympathized deeply with the joy he was the creator of. But he was in a great error with respect to the merit of such actions, and in a greater still respecting the reward which he thought awaited him. He imagined that he was laying up a great capital at compound interest. He reckoned upon a large return of gratitude and devotion, and was not content with the instant recompense which charity receives. They who understand the principles of human action know that it is foolish in a benefactor to look further than the pleasure of consciousness and sympathy, and that if he does, he is a creditor, and not a donor, and must be content to be viewed as creditors are always viewed by their debtors, with distrust and uneasiness. On this mistake were founded most of his charges against human nature; but his feelings, true to nature, and not obeying the false direction of his prejudices and erroneous opinions, still made him love his kind with an ardour which removed him as far as possible from misanthropy. It is very remarkable that all your misanthropists as painted by the poets are the very best men in the world—to be sure, they do not go much into company, but they are always on the watch to do benevolent actions in secret, and no distress is ever suffered to remain long unrelieved in the neighbourhood of a hater of his fellow men. Another cause of Lord Byron's misanthropical turn of writing was his high respect for himself. He had a vast reverence for his

own person, and all he did and thought of doing, inculcated into him, as into other lords, by mothers, governors, grooms, and nurse-maids. When he observed another man neglecting *his* wants for the sake of some petty gratification of his own, it appeared to him very base in the individual, and a general charge against all mankind—he was positively filled with indignation. He mentions somewhere in his works with becoming scorn, that one of his relatives accompanied a female friend to a milliner's, in preference to coming to take leave of him when he was going abroad. The fact is, no one ever loved his fellow man more than Lord Byron; he stood in continual need of his sympathy, his respect, his affection, his attentions, and he was proportionably disgusted and depressed when they were found wanting; this was foolish enough, but he was not much of a reasoner on these points,—he was a poet. In his latter quality, it was his business to foster all these discontented feelings, for the public like in poetry nothing better than scorn, contempt, derision, indignation; and especially a kind of fierce mockery which distinguishes the transition from a disturbed state of the imagination to lunacy. Consequently, finding this mood take with the public, when he sat down to write he began by lashing himself up into this state, his first business being, like Jove, to compel all the black clouds together he could lay his hands on. Besides, there is much that is romantic and interesting in a moody and mysterious Belteuebro; it is not every body that *can* be *sated* with the most exquisite joys of society; a man to have had his appetite so palled must have had huge success, he must have been a man of consideration in the eyes of the beautiful and the rich. To *scorn* implies that you are very much better than those you scorn; that you are very good, or very great, or very wise, and that others are the direct contrary. To *despise* is another mark of superiority. To be *sad* and *silent* are proofs that much sensation, perhaps of the most impassioned kind, has been experienced, is departed, and is

mourned: this is touching; and a man who wishes to attract attention cannot do better, if he be handsome and genteel, than look woeful and affect taciturnity. Lord Byron was well aware of all this, and chose, for the purpose of exciting sympathy in his readers, to represent himself in the masquerade dress of Childe Harold. One day when Fletcher, his valet, was cheapening some monkeys, which he thought exorbitantly dear, and refused to purchase without abatement, his master said to him, "Buy them, buy them, Fletcher, I like them better than men; they amuse and never plague me." In the same spirit is his epitaph on his Newfoundland dog, a spirit partly affected and partly genuine. The genuine part he would certainly never have retained, if he had reflected a little more upon the nature of his own feelings, and the motives which actuate men in every the least action of their lives. Boys enter upon the world stuffed with school-boy notions which their tutors think it necessary to fill them with, about generosity, disinterestedness, liberty, honour, and patriotism; and when in life they find nobody acting upon these, and that they never did and never can, they are disgusted, and consider themselves entitled to despise mankind, because they are under a delusion with respect to themselves and every body else. Some of them, if men of genius, turn poets and misanthropists; some sink into mere sensualists; and some, convinced of the hollowness of the things they have been taught to declaim about, unwisely conclude that no better system of morality is to be had, that there is nothing real but place, power, and profit, and become the willing instruments of the oppressors of mankind. The fault lies in *EDUCATION*, and if there is any good to be done in the world that is the end to begin at.

Much of Lord Byron's poetry took its peculiar hue from the circumstances of his life,—such as his travels in Greece, which formed a most important epoch in the history of his mind. The "oriental twist in his imagination," was thence derived; his scene-

ry, his imagery, his costume, and many of the materials of his stories, and a great deal of the character of his personages.—That country was the stimulant which excited his greatest powers; and much of the form in which they showed themselves is to be attributed to it. His great susceptibility to external impressions, his intense sympathy with the appearances of nature, which distinguished him, were the fruits either of original conformation, or a much earlier stage of his experience; but it was in Greece, the most beautiful and picturesque of countries, that he came to the full enjoyment of himself. Certainly no poet either before or since so completely identified himself with nature, and gave to it all the animation and the intellection of a human being. Benjamin Constant, in his work on Religion, lately published in Paris, quotes this passage from the *Island*, and appends to it the observation which I shall copy at the end.

How often we forget all time, when lone
Admiring nature's universal throne,
Her woods, her wilds, her waters, the intense
Reply of hers to our intelligence!
Live not the stars and mountains! Are the waves
Without a spirit? Are the drooping caves
Without a feeling in their silent tears?
No—no—they woo and clasp us to their spheres,
Dissolve this clog and clod of clay before
Its hour, and merge our soul in the great shore.
Strip off this fond and false identity!
Who thinks of self when gazing on the sea?

The Island.

On this fine passage Benjamin Constant observes: "On nous assure que certains hommes accusent Lord Byron d'athéisme et d'impiété. Il y a plus de religion dans ces douze vers que dans les écrits passés, présents, et futurs, de tous ces dénonciateurs mis ensemble." Such is the Frenchman's notion of religion; if it be correct, our poets must be as of old our priests again, and clergymen be dismissed for want of imagination. Lord Byron had not the dramatic talent, that is, he could not discriminate human characters and assume them; but he seems to have had this dramatic talent as applied, not to human beings, but to natural objects, in the greatest perfection. He could nicely discern their distinctive differences, adapt words

and sentiments to them, and hold intercourse with them of a very refined and beautiful description. When he travelled, he communed with the hills, and the valleys, and the ocean. Certainly he did not travel for fashion's sake, nor would he follow in the wake of the herd of voyagers. As much as he had been about the Mediterranean, he had never visited Vesuvius or Ætna, because all the world had; and when any of the well-known European volcanic mountains were mentioned he would talk of the Andes, which he used to express himself as most anxious to visit. In going to Greece the last time, he went out of his way to see Stromboli; and when it happened that there was no eruption during the night his vessel lay off there, he cursed and swore bitterly for no short time.

In travelling, he was an odd mixture of indolence and capricious activity; it was scarcely possible to get him away from a place under six months, and very difficult to keep him longer. In the *Westminster Review*, there is an interesting paper formed out of his letters, and out of Fletcher's account of his last illness, which though written with fairness, has unhappily the usual fault of going upon stilts. All Lord Byron's movements are attributed to some high motive or other, or some deep deliberation, when his friends well know that he went just as the wind did or did not blow. Among a deal more of bamboozlement about Lord Byron going to Greece or staying here or there, very sage reasons are given for his remaining in Cephalonia so long. The fact is, he had got set down there, and he was too idle to be removed; first, he was not to be got out of the vessel in which he had sailed, in which he dawdled for six weeks after his arrival, when the charter of his vessel expired and he was compelled to change his quarters;—he then took up his residence in the little village of Metaxata, where again he was not to be moved to Missolonghi, whither he had declared his resolution of proceeding: ship after ship was sent for him by Mavrocordato, and messenger upon messenger; he promised and

promised, until at length, either worn out by importunity, or weary of his abode, he hired a couple of vessels (refusing the Greek ships) and crossed.

It is said that his intention was not to remain in Greece,—that he determined to return after his attack of epilepsy. Probably it was only his removal into some better climate that was intended. Certainly a more miserable and unhealthy bog than Missolonghi is not to be found out of the fens of Holland, or the Isle of Ely. He either felt or affected to feel a presentiment that he should die in Greece, and when his return was spoken of, considered it as out of the question, predicting that the Turks, the Greeks, or the Malaria, would effectually put an end to any designs he might have of returning. At the moment of his seizure with the epileptic fits prior to his last illness, he was jesting with Parry, an engineer sent out by the Greek committee, who, by dint of being his butt, had got great power over him, and indeed, became every thing to him. Besides this man, there was Fletcher, who had lived with him twenty years, and who was originally a shoemaker, whom his Lordship had picked up in the village where he lived, at Newstead, and who, after attending him in some of his rural adventures, became attached to his service: he had also a faithful Italian servant, Battista; a Greek secretary; and Count Gamba seems to have acted the part of his Italian secretary. Lord Byron spoke French very imperfectly, and Italian not correctly, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he could be prevailed-upon to make attempts in a foreign language. He would get any body about him to interpret for him, though he might know the language better than his interpreter.

When dying, he did not know his situation till a very short time before he fell into the profound lethargy from he never awoke; and after he knew his danger, he could never speak intelligibly, but muttered his indistinct directions in three languages. He seems to have spoken of his wife and his daughter—chiefly of the latter; to this child he was very strongly attached,

with indeed an intense parental feeling; his wife I do not believe he ever cared much for, and probably he married her from mercenary motives.

I shall not attempt any summing up of the desultory observations which I have thrown together, in the hope of superseding the cant and trash that has and will be said and sung about the character of this great man. All that it is necessary to add by way of conclusion, may be condensed into a very few words. Lord Byron was a *Lord* of very powerful intellect and strong passions; these are almost sufficient *data* for a moral geometer to construct the whole figure; at least, add the following sentence, and sufficient is given: whether by early romantic experience, or by a natural extreme sensitiveness to external impressions, it was of all his intellectual faculties the imagination which was chiefly developed. Putting them together, we may conclude, as was the fact, that he was irritable, capricious, at times even childish, wilful, dissipated, infidel, sensual; with little of that knowledge which is got at school, and much of that acquired afterwards: he was capable of enthusiasm; and though intensely selfish, that is, enjoying his own sensations, he was able to make great sacrifices, or, in other words, he had a taste for the higher kinds of selfishness, i. e. the most useful and valuable kinds; he was generous, fearless, open, veracious, and a cordial lover of society and of conviviality; he was ardent in his friendships, but inconstant; and, however generally fond of his friends, more apt to be heartily weary of them than people usually are.

No more epithets need be heaped together; all that men have in general, he had in more than ordinary force; some of the qualities which men rarely have he possessed to a splendid degree of perfection.

Such is *the PERSONAL character of Lord Byron*, as I have been able to draw it from having had access to peculiar sources of information, and from being placed in a situation best calculated, as I think, to form an impartial opinion.

R. N.

CRYSTALIZATION OF ALUM.

SIR,

I HAVE just been spending a most agreeable half-hour in viewing an elegant and varied assemblage of ornaments, fabricated by the simplest, yet most beautiful chemical process—the crystalization of alum: the whole being the result of a few spare hours of patient industry in regulating the steps of this simple process, so as to cause the aluminous deposit to affix itself to almost any desired object or form.

I do not claim to myself the original principle of this pleasing invention, which I believe has been chiefly confined to the fabrications of flower-baskets for chimney ornaments among the more amiable sex, and the enchasement with an artificial crystal of busts, &c., by the idlers of our own: But as the result of my own experience and consequent gratification, I am induced to offer some observations which I am persuaded may contribute in some degree to the pleasure of others (more especially to the lovers of botany and other branches of natural history), as relates to the more extensive application of aluminous crystalization.

The steps of the operation are these;—Dissolve eighteen ounces of pure alum in a quart, beer measure, of soft spring water (observing the same proportion for a greater or less quantity) by boiling it gently in a close tinned vessel over a moderate fire, keeping it stirred with a wooden spatula until the solution is complete. When the liquid is almost cold, suspend the subject to be crystalized, by means of a fine thread or twine, from a lath or small stick laid horizontally across the aperture of a deep glazed earthen jar, into which the solution should now be poured, as being best adapted to the process. The respective articles should remain in the solution about twenty-four hours; when they are taken out, they are again to be carefully suspended in the shade until perfectly dry. The whole process of crystalization is best conduct-

ed in a cool situation. When the subjects to be crystalized are put into the solution while it is quite cold, the crystals are apt to be formed too large; on the other hand, should it be too hot, the crystals will be small in proportion. Experiments have convinced me that the best temperature of the liquid is about 95° of Fahrenheit's thermometer.

I shall subjoin a list of the subjects which are admirably adapted to the purpose I have mentioned, all of which I have succeeded in bringing to a most beautiful state of crystalization by the above method.

Among the vegetable specimens, are the common moss-rose of the gardens; the protuberance or *bur* found on the wild rose, *rosa canina*, occasioned by an insect depositing its ova thereon—this should be plucked with its foot-stalk and a few of the leaves—small bunches of hops, ears of corn, especially millet-seed, and the bearded wheat, berries of the holly, fruit of the sloe bush, the hyacinth, pink, furze blossom, ranunculus, garden daisy, and a great variety of others: in fact there are but few subjects in the vegetable world that are not eligible to this mode of preservation. In the animal kingdom, the lizard, large spider, grasshopper, all the beetle kind, the nests of small birds, with their eggs, forming most beautiful specimens, when neatly secured in portions of the branches of the tree, &c., in which they are accustomed to resort. A considerable degree of attention is requisite to prevent too great a deposit of the alum on some of the abovementioned subjects, by which their beauty would be obscured; they ought therefore to be frequently inspected while crystalization is going on, and removed as soon as it can be ascertained that they have acquired a sufficient coating. Various articles of turnery, &c. intended as chimney ornaments, in almost every diversity of form if first carefully covered over with common cotton, would

round them, may be submitted to crystallization with the same beautiful result.

W. H. WEEKES.

P. S. If desirable, the crystalized subjects may be tinged with almost any variety of colour, by boiling in the alum solution a little indigo, Brazil logwood, French berries, or other vegetable and mineral dyes. A little care and ingenuity will likewise enable the operator to confine his tints to the crystal surrounding flower-blossoms, and other particular parts of plants which he may wish to preserve.

Among the vegetable tribe, the class of lichens, especially the *cup-moss*, are most eligible subjects, nor are many specimens of fungi less adapted; the two latter tribes of vegetables have moreover the advantage of permanently retaining their native colours, without any aid whatever from art. A thin coating of the crystalizing matter only should be allowed to obtain on most individuals of the *cryptogamia*, which is adequate to their preservation, and much more essential to the beauty of the specimen.

JOURNAL OF AN OFFICER

IN THE IRISH LEGION, LATELY SERVING IN COLUMBIA.—TOUR FROM MERIDA TO THE VALE OF SANTA MARIA ANNA.

LEAVING Merida in the morning, we proceeded to the vale of Santa Anna: in our way we visited the ruined monastery that belonged to the Dominican friars previous to the revolution. Here, instead of bare walls, we were surprised to find gilded roofs, marble altar-pieces, and other vestiges of grandeur, that might have done honour to Rome or Paris. In the nave and chancel lay many good and holy fathers, whose pious stories were engraved upon their tombs for the benefit of posterity; but, unfortunately, time and the damps had been extremely busy with them. One monument struck me more particularly: it bore a copper-plate, nearly fitted into the marble-slab, surmounted by two panes with wings, which covered the tomb, and on this was the name of the late superior of the order, in Spanish, with many encomiums on his good qualities. Amongst many other titles, all too flattering for any virtue except that of a romance, he was classically styled, *Fulcrum Miserorum, gemma virorum*. Having a natural curiosity to know something of a man's history in whose character those rare traits were to be met with, I inquired of an old Frenchman, who accompanied me, as to his knowledge of the superior. He told me that the monk had originally come

from Seville, in old Spain, with a view to improve his fortune; that, in consequence of the refusal of another prelate to place himself at the mercy of the wind and waves, he was appointed Bishop of Venezuela, and that on his translation to this rich see he resided between Maracaibo and Merida. I asked the Frenchman whether the hero of this tale had died rich? "Oui, Monsieur;"—not content with an income of forty thousand dollars, on the death of the governor of Maracaibo, he made free with the treasure in the royal chest; a defalcation of six hundred thousand dollars was the consequence, which could not be accounted for, and the governor's haciendas were confiscated in order to make good the deficiency. Not thinking it prudent to return to old Spain, he retired to the convent, where he assumed the character of a hermit, and lived with the fathers a life of piety and mortification, according to some; but, as others tell the tale, in all manner of voluptuousness and hypocrisy. He himself had been pressed into the Monk's service as baker-general to the convent, to superintend the bread and pastry, and also to act as pilot to his pleasure-barge on the lake; during the lifetime of the superior he had enjoyed a tolerable easy place of it, but after his

death the monks had obliged him to cut fuel to serve the ovens, for which he got many benedictions in lieu of his promised salary. I asked him to whose gratitude the superior was indebted for his handsome monument; he replied, to the fishermen of Maracaibo, in return for his having obliged his flock to abstain from meat three times a week, which gave them a good market for their fish: perhaps the hint was taken from Pope Leo, who proclaimed Saturday a fast-day in England, to oblige the pious fishermen of that country, who gave him a *douceur* of five hundred pounds for his papal benevolence.

The monk could hardly have fixed on a more delightful spot through the whole earth, than that retreat which his own see afforded: here he could enjoy his *otium cum dignitate* to his heart's content, unruffled by the care of this world, amid the romantic scenery of forests, lakes, rivers, rocks and hanging gardens, with a climate the most favourable. The gardens belonging to the convents have gone to ruin since the revolution, but sufficient vestiges of taste and decoration still linger to tell what they once were. Innumerable flowers and blooming shrubs emit a delightful fragrance, while the numerous exotics once collected in the green-house of the convent have been suffered to remain, and, beautiful even in neglect and wildness, lend a charm to desolation. These monasteries are connected with the female convents in the vale by a serpentine walk about a mile in length, shaded by tall trees interwoven so as to exclude the rays of the sun: at proper intervals, little arbours are placed, festooned with the acacia, in bloom the whole year round, and other flowery shrubs equally rare to the European. Here the fathers were often entertained by the sisterhood with coffee, lemonade, and fruits, until dusk. Our French guide also told us, that the demon of civil war caused a feud amongst the nuns of the two convents, who espoused the cause of their respective partizans as fiercely as the contending generals and their armies: it was not unusual, he said, to see the

radical nuns going before the inquisitor-general of their order with black eyes, and other tokens of the courage with which they maintained their doctrines. In the avenues of the shrubbery or *tinta* we met a fat monk, who in the course of our conversation with him, regretted that the extreme poverty of the brother and sisterhood prevented our being received with the usual hospitality of their prosperous days. As he looked too comfortable a personage for a pauper, I remarked that fasting and mortification were forgotten with other comforts. This ill-timed repartee he took no notice of more than by a significant shrug, remarking, that before the revolution, they enjoyed many privileges, but that the country growing poorer, and consequently more wicked, contributed very little at present to their support. I told him, for his consolation, that a French and English colony would soon repeople the land, and give a fresh energy to manufacture and commerce. "Oh, Santa Maria," said he, "Voltaire and Paine's disciples!" A prolonged ha-ra-co succeeded a pause, in which he was evidently labouring under some mortifying perplexity; to add to his chagrin, I told him a worse evil than those was to follow, as the Methodist missionaries were instructing some Saint in the Spanish language, in order to preach the gospel in South America to the people of colour. I can hardly describe the emotions of the good father on hearing this account: he looked in despair, and prayed to God to remove him out of the world before that occurrence should take place. I left him, however, to his own reflections, which I dare say were any thing rather than pleasant. The Frenchman wrinkled up his face into an arch smile, exclaiming, "Monsieur padre is von damned grand gourmand," and added that this fellow was a greater plague to him than any of the fathers; "he used to squeeze my nose, Senor, in the wafer tongs, if he had not the wafer for the sacrament and his breakfast-bread by six o'clock in the morning."

In our way onwards, we saw five

other convents, mostly in ruins from the earthquake; but, dreadful as such an event must be, one can hardly regret its having destroyed these receptacles of pious indolence, which operated as a double tax on the community, by withdrawing from the general toil so many people capable of labour, and then taxing those that remained, for their support.

This charming spot is infinitely picturesque and delightful: a succession of the most fertile hacundas cover the vale for nine leagues: as far as the eye can range over to the lofty Paramos de los Cunegos Mountains you are sure to see the vine and olive appear in rich luxuriance, festooning the

props that support them, while vast plantations of sugar-cane diversify the appearance in the vallies. Nothing is wanted to the perfection of this scene, but that moral beauty which is supplied by the presence of an industrious population, and humanity would hope that this will not long be wanted; the tide of liberty and intelligence is setting in with a powerful flow over the whole world; and though despotism may check the rapidity of its course by temporary barriers, it must eventually bear down every obstacle opposed to it, and leave only the ruins of slavery as the earthquakes have left the ruins of the convent.

COUNTRY CHURCHYARDS. No. IV.

MY next Chapter, I think, was to be of "graves, and stones, and epitaphs." Come then to the churchyard with me, whoever shrinketh not from thoughtful inspection of those eloquent sermon books. Come to that same churchyard where lately we saw the assembled congregation—the aged and the young—the proud and the lowly—the rich and poor collecting together on the Sabbath morning to worship their Creator within those sacred walls. Many months since then have slipt away—the green leaves have withered, and dropt, and decayed, and the bare branches have been hung with icicles, and bent down under the weight of winter snows, and again they have budded and put forth their tender shoots, and the thick foliage of summer has cast its broad shadow on the dark green sod, and again "decay's effacing fingers" are at work, and the yellow tints of autumn are gaining on the rich verdure of summer. And man!—the ephemeron! who perisheth as a flower of the field—whose time on earth is like the shadow that departeth—how hath it fared with him during the revolving seasons! How many are gone to their long home, and their place on earth knoweth them no more! How

many of those who, when last we looked upon this scene, stood here among their friends and neighbours, full of life and health, and the anticipation of long years to come, full of schemes, and hopes, and expectations, and restless thoughts, and cumbersome cares, and troubles and pleasures of this life! How many of these are since returned to this spot—Yea—but to tarry here—to occupy the house appointed for all living—to lie down and sleep, and take their rest, undisturbed by winter winds, or summer storms—unawakened by the chime of the church-bells when they summon hither the Sabbath congregation, or by the voices of those they loved in life, who pass by their lowly graves, already, perhaps, forgetful of "the form beloved" so recently deposited there!

"So music past is obsolete—

And yet 'twas sweet! 'twas passing sweet!

But now 'tis gone away."

This is again a Sabbath day—the evening of an autumnal Sabbath—Morning and afternoon divine service has been performed within those walls, and now Nature is offering up her own pure homage. The hymns of winged choristers—the incense of her

flowery censor—the flames of her great altar, that glorious setting sun. See! how his departing beams steal athwart the churchyard between those old oaks, whose stately trunks, half darkly defined in the blackness of their own shadow, half gilded by the passing brightness, prop that broad canopy of “many twinkling leaves” now glittering underneath with amber light, while above, the dense mass of foliage towering in heavy grandeur, stands out in bold and bleak relief against the golden glory of the western horizon. How magnificent that antique colonnade! How grand that massy superstructure! Lo! the work of the great Architect, which might well put to shame the puny efforts of his creatures, and the frail structures they erect to his glory, were it not, that he whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, hath vouchsafed to promise, that where a few faithful hearts are gathered together to worship him in spirit and in truth, He will be there in the midst of them, even in their perishable temples. Therefore, though yon majestic oaks overtop with their proud shadow the low walls, and even the ivied tower of that rustic church, yet are they but a fitting portico, an “outer porch,” to the sanctuary more especially hallowed by His presence. Neither is their spreading arch, too magnificent a canopy for those obscure graves, so peacefully ranged beneath it. Many a sincere and humble Christian rests from his labours beneath those green hillocks. Many a faithful believer, who has drunk without a murmur his earthly cup of bitterness, because it was awarded to him by the divine will, and because, trusting in the merits of his Redeemer, he cast down his burden at his feet, looking forward, through his promises, to be a partaker of the glory which shall be revealed hereafter. Many a one, “to fortune and to fame unknown,” who walked thus humbly with his God, sleeps unrecorded in the majestic shadow of those venerable trees. But when those giants of the earth shall have stood their appointed season,—shall have lived their life of

centuries,—them also, the unsparing hand shall smite, and they too, shall lie prostrate in the dust; and for their sapless trunks there shall be no renovation, while the human grain, now hidden beneath their roots, retains, even in corruption, the principles of immortality, and shall, in the fulness of time, spring up to life eternal.

What histories—not of great actions, or of proud fortunes, or of splendid attainments, but of the human heart, that inexhaustible volume! might be told over these graves, by one who should have known their quiet tenants, and been a keen and feeling observer of their infinitely varying natures! Nay, by one who should relate from his own remembrance, even the more obvious circumstances of their obscure lives!—What tales of love, and hope, and disappointment, and struggling care, and unmerited contumely, and uncomplaining patience, and untold suffering, and broken hearts, might be extracted from this cold earth we tread on! What heart-wrung tears have been showered down upon these quiet graves! What groans, and sighs, and sobs of uncontrollable grief, have burst out in this spot from the bosoms of those who have stood even here, on the brink of the fresh-opened grave, while the coffin was lowered into it, and the grating cords were withdrawn, and the first spadeful of earth rattled on the lid, and the solemn words were uttered—“Dust to dust!” And where are those mourners now, and how doth it fare with them?—Here!—they are here!—And it fareth well with them, for their troubles are over, and they sleep in peace amongst their friends and kindred; and *other* mourners have wept beside *their* graves, and those, in turn, shall be brought back here, to mingle their dust with that of foregone generations.

Even of the living multitude assembled here this day twelvemonths, how many, in the short interval between that and the present time, have taken up their rest within these consecrated precincts! And already, over the graves of many, the green sods have again united in velvet smoothness.

Here, beside that of William Moss, is a fresher and higher hillock, to which his head-stone likewise serves for a memorial; and underneath his name there are engraven on it—yes—two other names. The aged parents and the blooming son at last repose together; and what matters now, that the former went down to the grave by the slow and gradual descent of good old age, and that the latter was cut off in the prime and vigour of his manhood? If each performed faithfully the task allotted to him, then was his time on earth sufficient; and, after the brief separation of a few years, they are reunited in eternity. But here—behold a magnificent contrast to that poor plain stone!—Here stands a fine tall freestone, the top of which is ornamented in a basso-relievo, with a squat white urn swaddled up in ponderous drapery, over which droops a gilt weeping willow—it looks like a sprig of samphire—the whole set off by a blue ground, encircled by a couple of goose wings. Oh! no—I cry the sculptor mercy—they are the pinions of a pair of cherubims. There are the little trumpeters' cheeks puffing out from under them; and the obituary is engraven on a black ground in grand gold letters, and it records—Ah! Madam Buckwheat—is it come to this? Is all that majesty of port laid low? That fair exuberance of well-fed flesh! That broad expanse of comely red and white, “by Nature's sweet and cunning hand laid on,”—Doth all this mingle with the common earth? That goodly person, clad in rustling silks! is it shrunk within the scanty folds of the shroud, and the narrow limits of a cold brick grave? What! in the very flush of worldly prosperity—when the farmer's granaries were overflowing with all manner of store—when your dairy had yielded double produce—when the stock of cheeses was unprecedented—when your favourite Norman had presented you with twin calves—when you had reared three broods of milk-white turkeys, and the China sow had littered thirteen pigs! Just as the brindled heifer of that famous cross was coming

into milk—and just as the new barn was built, and the parish rates were lowered, and the mulberry tree was beginning to bear—and just as you had brought yourself to feel at home in your long sleeves, and unfettered by the great garnet ring, and to wear gloves when you were out visiting; and, to crown all, just as your youngest hope—you favourite daughter—had made a splendid conquest of a real gentleman—one who had come down from Lunnon in his own shay, and talked about “Hastleys,” and “the Hoppera,” and “Wauxhall,” and the Vild Beasts, and Vaterloo Bridge, and all them there things, and was to install Betsey (the old lady always forgot to say Eliza) lady and mistress of a beautiful ouse in Fleet Street. Oh! at such a time to be torn from “Life and all the joys it yields!” Ah, Madam Buckwheat! is it so indeed? Alas! too true—

“A heap of dust is all remains of thee,
’Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.”

Take care!—never tread upon a grave—What! you saw it not, that scarce distinguishable hillock, overshadowed by its elevated neighbour. It is, however, recently thrown up, but hastily and carelessly, and has of late been trodden down almost to a flat surface, by the workmen employed in erecting that gilded “tribute of affection,” to the memory of the farmer's deceased spouse. A few more weeks and it will be quite level with the even sod, and the village children will gambol over it unmindful of their old friend, whom yet they followed to that grave with innocent regretful tears that were shed for the poor outcast of reason. The parish pauper sleeps in that grave—the workhouse idiot. He for whom no heart was tenderly interested, for he had long, long outlived the poor parents to whom their only child, their harmless Johnny (for they thought him not an idiot), was an object of the fondest affection. There were none to take to him when they were gone, so the workhouse afforded him refuge, and sustenance, and humane treatment;

and his long life—for it was extended nearly to the term of seventy years—was not on the whole joyless or forsaken. His intellect was darkened and distorted, but not so as to render him an object of disgust and terror, or to incapacitate him from performing many tasks of trifling utility. He even exercised a sort of rude ingenuity in many little rustic handicrafts. He wove rush baskets and mats, and neatly and strongly wove them, and of the refuse straw he plaited coarse hats, such as are worn by plough-boys, and he could make wicker cages for black birds and magpies, and mouse-traps, and rabbit-hutches; and he had a pretty notion of knitting too, only that he could never be brought to sit still long enough to make any great proficiency in that way. But he was useful besides, in many offices of household drudgery, and though his kind master never suffered poor Johnny to be “put upon,” he had many employers, and so far as his simple wits enabled him to comprehend their several wills, he was content to fulfil them. So he was sent to fetch water, and to watch that the coppers did not boil over, and to feed the fire, and blow the bellows, and sift the cinders, and to scrape carrots and potatoes, and to shell beans, and to sweep the floor, (but then he would always waste time in making waves and zig-zags on the sand,) and to rock the cradles; and *that* office he seemed to take peculiar delight in, and would even pretend to hush the babies, as he had seen practised by their mothers, with a sort of droning hum which he called singing. But besides all these, and other tasks innumerable, more extended trust was committed to him, and he was never known but to discharge it faithfully. He was allowed (in exception of those rules of the house imperative on its sane inmates) to wander out whole days, having the charge of a few cows or pigs, and for a trifling remuneration, which he brought regularly home to his master, who expended it for him with judicious kindness, in the purchase of such simple luxuries as the poor idiot delighted in,—a little snuff and tobacco, or the

occasional treat of a little coarse tea, and brown sugar.

Then was old Johnny in his glory, when, seated on some sunny road-side bank, or nestling among the fern leaves in some bosky dingle, within ken of his horned or grunting charge, of which he never lost sight, he had collected about him a little cluster of idle urchins, with whom he would vie in dexterity in threading daisy necklaces, or sticking the little white flowers on a leafless thorn branch, or in tying up cowslip balls, or in making whistles, or arrow heads of hollow elder stalks: or in weaving high conical caps of green rushes, and then was Cæsar in his element, for then would he arm with those proud helmets the heads of his childish mates, and marshal them (nothing loath) in military order, each shouldering a stick, his supposed musket; and flourishing his wooden sword, and taking the command of his new levies, he marched up and down before the line of ragged rogues, gobbling like a turkey cock, with swelling pride, in all the martial magnificence of his old-cocked hat and feathers, and of his scarlet tatters with their tarnished lace.

But sometimes was he suddenly cast down from the pinnacle of earthly grandeur, by the malicious wantonness of an unlucky boy, who would slyly breathe out a few notes from an old flute, well anticipating their effect on poor Johnny. Rude as were those notes, they “entered into his soul.” In a moment his proud step was arrested, his authoritative, uplifted hand fell nerveless by his side; his erect head dropt, and large tears rolled down his aged face; and at last sobs! burst from the bosom of the poor idiot, and then even his mischievous tormentor almost wept to see the pain he had inflicted. Yes, such was the power of music, of its rudest, simplest tones, over some spring of sensibility, deep hidden in the benighted soul of that harmless creature, and he had apparently no control over the tempestuous ebullition of its excited vehemence, except at church, during the time of divine service.

There, while the Psalm was being

sung, he was still, and profoundly silent. But when others rose up from the form beside him, he sunk still lower in his sitting posture, and cowering down, bent forward his head upon his knees, hiding his face there within the fold of his crossed arms, and no sound or sob escaped him, but his poor frame trembled universally, and when the singing was over, and he looked up again, the thin grey hair on his wrinkled forehead was wet with perspiration. Now, let the clarion sound, or the sweet hautboy pour out its melodious fulness, or the thrilling flute discourse, or the solemn organ roll over his grave its deep and mighty volume, and he will sleep on undisturbed—ay, till the call of the last trumpet shall awaken him, and the mystery of his earthly existence shall be unfolded, and the soul, emerging from its long eclipse, shall shine out in the light of immortality—At that day of solemn reckoning, how many, whose brilliant talents, and luminous intellect, have blazed out with meteoric splendour, not to enlighten, but to dazzle and mislead, and bewilder the minds of their fellow-mortals, in the mazes of inextricable error—How many of those who have so miserably abused the great trust reposed in them, shall be fain to exchange places with that unoffending innocent, crying out in the agony of their despair, “to the mountains, fall on us, and to the hills, cover us !”

Farewell, old Johnny—quiet be thy rest !—harmless and lowly was thy life !—peaceful and unnoticed thy departure !

Few had marked the gradual decline of the poor creature, but for many months he had wasted away, and his feeble, deformed frame had bowed nearer and nearer to the earth, and he cared little for any nourishment, except his favourite regale of tea, and

the mistress's occasional bounty, a slice of white bread and butter ; and there was less willingness to exert himself than formerly. He still crept about his accustomed tasks, but slowly and silently, and would sometimes fall asleep over his more sedentary employment, and when spoken to, he seldom replied but by a nod and a smile—that peculiar smile of idiotic intelligence. Some said the old man grew lazy and sullen, for “what could ail him ?” they wondered. Nothing—nothing ailed him—nothing to signify—only the cold hand of death was on him, and he dropt at last with the leaves in autumn. One evening, long after milking-time, the cows he had been enttusted to watch came straggling home without their keeper. Search was made for him, and he was soon discovered by the children, who were well acquainted with his favourite haunts and hiding-places.

They found him gathered up in his usual posture, among the dry fern leaves, at the foot of an old hawthorn, near which ran a reedy streamlet. His back rested against the hawthorn's twisted stem, his old grey head was bare, and a few withered leaves had dropt upon it. Beside him lay a half-finished cap of woven rushes ; one hand was on it, and the other still grasped the rude materials of his simple fabric. There was a smile upon his countenance, (he was always smiling to himself,) but his head had dropt down on his bosom, and his eyes were closed as if in sleep. He was dead—quite cold and stiff—so they took him from his pleasant fern bank, to his late home, the workhouse, and the next day he was screwed down in the shell of rough boards, the last allowance of parish bounty, and before sunset, those green sods were trampled down over the pauper's grave.—Farewell, old Johnny !

SONG.

Oh ! no, no, this love is not love for me :

This life and death love is too grave :

Bemine like the sight of yon sea bird, whose wings

Just skim, but sink not in, the wave.

If but for one moment a chain I could bear,

It must be as light as the day ;

Oh ! form it of opals, which change with the sky,

A fresh colour for every ray.

MACADAMIZING *versus* STREET-PAVING.

SIR,

YOUR last number contains a few sensible remarks, by Mr. T. Single on the subject of street-paving, which at present occupies, and in a great measure divides, the public opinion. It would appear truly unaccountable that this branch of our civil economy should have been so long misunderstood or wilfully perverted, were it not notorious, that all such departments of public duties, are subject to the control of select boards, committees, or whatever other title the parties may assume: such committees consisting usually of a few active individuals in each parish or district, who cannot be supposed to be totally exempt from a wish to serve their own immediate friend whenever an opportunity occurs.

That this has been the primary cause of the shameful mismanagement of the street-pavement of the metropolis for many years past cannot for a moment admit of doubt. And the consequence has very naturally followed the cause,—the parties, who have been favoured with the contracts for such parish jobs, have, in almost every case, made the most of them by executing the work in a negligent, and oftentimes a scandalous manner. It is not necessary to mention instances; they abound in different parts of the metropolis, where the pavement is in a disgraceful, and frequently in a dangerous, state; yet there appears to be a continual repair going on in these places.

In order to understand how such anomalous proceedings can go hand in hand, it will be necessary to examine briefly of what materials our street-paving consists.

Mr. Single, in his paper, has stated some of the evils which arise from the bad workmanship of paviours, but not all. He very justly says, that “in order to place the paving stones of different sizes together in the same mass of paving, they are obliged to scratch away the loose ground below, till the upper face of the stones become nearly horizontal, when the rammer is applied to cover all the defects beneath, so

that, in fact, the present system of paving is nothing more than putting the ground into a state of hard and soft, or hills and holes, and placing stones upon it to prevent our seeing or believing that it is so.”

Mr. Single then recommends, very judiciously, that all paving stones should be reduced to nearly the same size, in order to produce a good firm pavement; and, that instead of loosening the soil below, as in the usual bungling way of paving, the ground should be previously rammed as hard as may be before the stones are placed. But Mr. S. should also have advised, that paving stones be placed in as *close contact* as possible. For it is well known that the admission of water between the stones is one of the principal causes of their becoming loosened almost immediately after the pavement becomes deluged by rain.

This must be so obvious as scarcely to require explanation; for if any portion of the sand used by paviours be soluble in water (and, from the rubbish employed very frequently for this purpose, at least one-half of it must be soluble); it will evidently be washed out from the interstices of the pavement, leaving the stone in a bed of quagmire.

It should also be observed, that the *system* on which these job-contracts are taken—that of paving so many square feet at a given price—offers a temptation to the paviour to substitute the cheapest materials for the best, without any regard to the accommodation of the public, or the durability of the work: indeed, this interest is promoted by the frequency of the necessary repairs; consequently he takes care, like the leasehold builder, not to render his work too durable. And as rubbish, brick-dust, sand, &c. are far cheaper materials than granite paving-stone, the less of the latter substance in every hundred feet of pavement the better. There is an immediate saving of twenty or thirty per cent. and provision made for another job the ensuing year, instead of waiting three or four years

for "a consummation so devoutly to be wished!" To be serious. The scandalous manner in which these tradesmen execute their contracts, though notorious to every observer in the metropolis, has been permitted from year to year, *from some reason or other*, to the entire disgrace of the heads of parishes and the local police. However, like most other evils, this great nuisance to the inhabitants (especially to the proprietors of horses and vehicles of any kind) is rapidly abating; not in consequence of the liberality or vigilance of the *managing parties* of districts, but in consequence of the talents and perseverance of an enterprising North Briton!

It is notorious that, even at the present day, when experience has demonstrated, as clearly as any proposition in Euclid, that a good, firm, hard roadway may be advantageously made in every tolerable wide street, that doubts and queries are continually started as to its eligibility! The plan of road-making adopted by Mr. McAdam is far from being any visionary scheme, and is intelligible to every man of the most ordinary capacity, who does not wilfully shut his eyes. The principle is simply this: to have the substratum made very nearly level, or just sufficient for the water to drain off; to have the road-material of the hardest stones which can be procured; to break such stones down to one uniform size, in order that no unequal interstices may be left between them when embedded together; and to exclude the use of rounded gravel, and the loam, sand, or clay with which they are usually combined. The angular fragments of the broken stones serve to keep them firm in their place, whilst the pulverized matter from the friction on the surface fills up the interstices with the best kind of cement. For want of these angles, it must be obvious that the rounded or diluvial gravel, usually dug from gravel pits, cannot bind firm, but when exposed to wet, acting on the loam, &c. will invariably form a loose or shifting mass, which must be continually liable to fall into holes or inequalities, according to the

hardness of the substratum on which it rests.

What has been called McAdam's system (perhaps with some justice; as a compliment to his perseverance in following it up in defiance of all the interested opposition he has experienced), is in reality nothing more than that of preventing water from gaining access to the materials of the road, and using materials of the very best kind, instead of the compost of sand, clay, and chalk, called road-gravel; or of substituting the softer varieties of limestone or sandstone.

It is, I believe, one of the maxims of Mr. McAdam to recommend the purchase of the best material, at almost any price, as a measure of ultimate economy. It is however very easy to perceive, that if any gentleman who happens to have a bed of inferior gravel on his estate, also *happens* to be a trustee or commissioner of turnpikes, that the virtue of such commission would probably transmute the gravel (containing thirty or forty per cent. of loam) into a *better* material for road-making than hard limestone, iron sandstone, or granite dug from a quarry out of the pale of such commission.

Another advantage, which Mr. McAdam appears to possess over most other road-makers, is that of being able to judge where good materials are likely to be obtained, by sinking a certain depth below the soil. And in a case where his hands have been unfettered by any of the local considerations above-mentioned, he has converted, what was formerly one of the worst pieces of road between any two opulent cities, into one of the finest in the whole kingdom: I mean the twelve miles between Bath and Bristol. The soft Oolite stone which forms the surface of that district being a miserable material for road-making, the height of a hill was reduced; at the same time an abundance of very hard iron sandstone was procured, equal, if not superior, in some respects to granite.

With regard to the superior economy of employing this latter substance for road-making in London-streets, there can be no doubt; the old paving

stones furnishing a surplus quantity for the improved system. But there is probably greater durability and less dust from the use of flint, if that material can be obtained in sufficient quantity. I fully agree with your correspondent Mr. Single, that (if paving the carriage-way of our streets be at all necessary) granite is the best material we can use; but I differ from him in his conclusion against the new system applied to narrow streets. He says, "it will not do where there is much traffic, from the frequency of opening the ground in order to repair the water and other pipes." But he surely must admit that excavations can be filled up with the broken stone *à la* McAdam in a fourth part of the time and with half the nuisance to passengers, that attend the job-contract-system of paving.

The chief objection to laying gravel instead of pavement in a narrow street, is the ruts which are liable to be cut by carriages following each other in the same track. This, however, might be in a great measure avoided, by having

a vigilant and civil resident-inspector or street-keeper, to see the road always kept in good repair, by scraping and moderate watering, and superintending the carriage traffic of the streets.

The progress of this decided improvement to the metropolis is now, in spite of all the opposition of "vested interests," corporate and parochial, making very rapid strides; and I have no doubt the experience of seven years will make us blush for the passive obedience, which has been heretofore conceded by a generous public to the local jurisdiction of a few parish or district dictators. I shall conclude by citing one instance as a proof whether the street pavements of the metropolis were formerly done as well as they might have been:—That fine area Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, instead of being gravelled, is now nearly new-paved in a manner vastly superior to any work of that kind previously performed. Should not the opulent inhabitants of that square erect a statue in honour of McAdam?

LINES ON A DEAD SOLDIER.

WRECK of a warrior pass'd away,
Thou form without a name!
Which thought and felt but yesterday,
And dreamt of future fame.
Stripped of thy garments, who shall guess
Thy rank, thy lineage, and race?
If haughty chieftain holding sway,
Or lowlier destined to obey!

The light of that fixed eye is set,
And all is moveless now,
But Passion's traces linger yet,
And lower upon that brow:
Expression has not yet wax'd weak,
The lips seem e'en in act to speak,
And clenched the cold and lifeless hand,
As if it grasped the battle brand.

Though from that head, late towering high,
The waving plume is torn,
And low in dust that form doth lie,
Dishonour'd and forlorn,
Yet Death's dark shadow cannot hide
The graven characters of pride,
That on the lip and brow reveal
The impress of the spirit's seal.

Lives there a mother to deplore
The son she ne'er shall see?
Or maiden, on some distant shore,
To break her heart for thee?—
Perchance to roam a maniac there,
With wild flower wreaths to deck her hair,
And through the weary night to wait
Thy footsteps at the lonely gate.

Long shall she linger there, in vain
The evening fire shall trim,
And gazing on the darkening main,
Shall often call on him
Who hears her not—who cannot hear:—
Oh! deaf forever is the ear
That once in listening rapture hung
Upon the music of her tongue!

Long may she dream—to wake is woe!
Ne'er may remembrance tell
Its tale to bid her sorrows flow,
And hope to sigh farewell;—
The heart, bereaving of its stay,
Quenching the beam that cheers her way
Along the waste of life—till she
Shall lay her down and sleep like thee!

PRESERVATION OF THE COPPER SHEATHING OF SHIPS.

THERE is scarcely any single department of practical science so pregnant with interest to a maritime nation like Great Britain, as the recent discoveries made by that illustrious chemist Sir Humphrey Davy, applicable to the preservation of the copper-sheathing of vessels from corrosion. The expenditure, occasioned by the rapid destruction of the sheathing of his Majesty's ships, alone forms a very considerable item in the naval department of the public service. But the loss to the country from their decay bears but a small proportion, during time of peace, to the aggregate loss sustained by the mercantile interests, from similar causes. Indeed the very considerable expense of copper sheathing, added to its rapid decay, serves to prohibit its use in numerous instances, notwithstanding the additional security it gives to a ship, by preventing the opening of her planks, and consequent leakage, in bad weather. But in spite of this expense and sacrifice, every ship destined for navigating the tropical seas, if not protected by sheathing, in a very short period becomes perforated through the bottom by the innumerable marine animalculæ which abound in the warmer latitudes. It would perhaps be an interesting inquiry to many persons concerned, to compute the annual loss which the ship-owners of this great maritime nation sustain, from the corrosion and destruction of copper-sheathing ; but although the amount must be obviously very great, it would encroach too much upon your miscellaneous columns to enter into such investigation. I shall therefore proceed to give your readers an abstract of the valuable researches of Sir H. Davy, which promise to lead to the most important results in the preservation of shipping. The president, in the communication of his important researches on this subject, to the Royal Society, after alluding to the rapid decay of the sheathing of the ships in his Majesty's service, observes :

It has been generally supposed that sea-water had little or no action on pure cop-

per, and that the rapid decay of copper on certain ships was owing to its impurity. On trying, however, the action of sea-water on two specimens of copper, sent by J. Vivian, Esq. to Mr. Faraday for analysis, I found the specimen which appeared absolutely pure, was acted upon even more rapidly than the specimen which contained alloy : and on pursuing the inquiry with specimens of various kinds of copper which had been collected by the Navy Board and sent to the Royal Society, and some of which had been considered as remarkable for their durability, and others for their rapid decay, I found that they offered only very inconsiderable differences on their action upon sea-water ; and consequently the changes they had undergone must have depended upon other causes than the absolute quality of the metal.

Sir Humphrey then describes the chemical agency between sea-water and a sheet of copper as follows :

When a piece of polished copper is suffered to remain in sea-water, the first effects observed are a yellow tarnish upon the copper, and a cloudiness in the water, which takes place in a few hours. The hue of the cloudiness is at first white, it then changes to green. Within a day a blueish green precipitate appears at the bottom of the vessel, which constantly accumulates, at the same time the surface of the copper corrodes, appearing red in the water, and grass-green where it is in contact with the air. Carbonate of soda gradually forms upon this grass-green matter, and these changes continue until the water becomes much less saline. The green precipitate, when examined by the action of the solution of ammonia and other tests, appears to consist of an insoluble compound of copper (which may be called a hydrated sub-muriate) and hydrate of magnesia.

According to the views which I developed fourteen years ago, of the nature of the compound of chlorine, and which are now generally adopted, it is evident that soda and magnesia cannot appear in sea-water by the action of a metal, unless in consequence of an absorption or transfer of oxygen. It was therefore necessary, in order to produce these changes, that water should be decomposed, or that oxygen should be absorbed from the atmosphere. I found that no hydrogen was disengaged, and consequently no water was decomposed ; the oxygen of the air must therefore have been the agent concerned, as appeared subsequently by numerous experiments.

Copper placed in sea-water, deprived of air by boiling or exhaustion, and exposed in an exhausted receiver, or in an atmosphere of hydrogen gas, underwent no change whatever. But an absorption of atmospheric air was shown, when copper

and sea-water were exposed to its agency in close vessels.

Sir Humphrey, after referring to the principles of chemical and electrical agency, which he developed twelve or fourteen years ago by his beautiful experiments on the alkalis, farther observes:

Copper is a metal only weakly positive in the electro-chemical scale, and, according to my ideas, it could only act upon sea-water when in a positive state, and consequently, if it could be rendered slightly negative, the corroding action of sea-water would be null; and whatever might be the differences of the kinds of copper sheathing and their electrical action on each other, still every effect of chemical action must be prevented, *if the whole surface were rendered negative*. I began with an extreme case. I rendered sea-water slightly acidulous by sulphuric acid, and plunged into it a polished piece of copper, to which a piece of tin was soldered equal to about one-twentieth of the copper. Examined after three days, the copper remained perfectly clean, whilst the tin was rapidly corroded. No blueness appeared in the liquor: though in a comparative experiment, when copper alone and the same fluid mixture were used, there was a considerable corrosion of the copper and a distinct blue tint in the liquor. If one-twentieth part of the surface of tin prevented the action of sea-water, rendered slightly acidulous by sulphuric acid, I had no doubt a much smaller quantity would neutralize the action of sea-water, when depending only on the oxygen contained in common air. And on trial, I found that one two-hundredth part of tin in proportion to the copper was sufficient to prevent the corrosion of the latter. In pursuing these experiments, and applying them in every possible form and connexion, the results were of the most satisfactory kind. A piece of zinc as large as a pea, or the point of a small iron nail, was found fully adequate to preserve forty or fifty square inches of copper; and the result was equally as satisfactory, in whatever part of the sheet of copper the other metal was placed. And even when the connexion between different sheets of copper was completed by wires or thin filaments of the fiftieth of an inch diameter, the effect was the same; every side, every surface or particle of the copper remained perfectly bright after being placed in sea-water for many weeks; while the iron or zinc was slightly corroded.

A piece of thick sheet-copper was cut in

such a manner as to form seven divisions, connected only by the smallest filaments that could be left; and a slip of zinc, one-fifth of an inch wide, was soldered to the upper edge. The whole, after being immersed for a month in sea-water, left the copper in a *bright polished state*, as at first. The same experiment succeeded with a slip of iron, soldered to the copper; whilst similar pieces of copper, *undefended*, were considerably corroded by the salt water.

The importance of this discovery in the preservation of our shipping can at present scarcely be appreciated; for there appears to be not a shade of doubt as to its complete efficacy when reduced to practice. Sir Humphrey is still pursuing his researches on a large scale; but his observations on a comparative experiment, made for the purpose of demonstrating its practical effects, is all I shall venture to extract from his late communication to the Royal Society,—

As the ocean may be considered, in its relation to the quantity of copper in a ship, as an infinitely extended conductor, I endeavoured to ascertain whether this circumstance would influence the results. By placing two very fine copper wires, one *undefended*, the other *defended* by a particle of zinc, in a very large vessel of sea-water, which water may be considered as having the same relation to so minute a portion of metal, as the sea to the copper-sheathing of a ship. The result of this experiment was equally satisfactory with that of all the preceding. The defended copper underwent no change whatever; whilst the undefended wire tarnished, corroded, and deposited a green powder.

These electro-chemical researches bid fair to open a most extensive field for investigation, and to prove of infinite value to the arts: for it seems not improbable that means will speedily be found, in almost every case, to prevent that destruction, or at least injury, to which all metallic surfaces are liable, from what is termed oxidation by the atmospheric air. I shall not fail to communicate to your readers, in the ensuing numbers, such new facts as become developed in this very interesting department of science.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S NEW WORK.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I NEED not tell you how much your request flatters me, nor how willing I am to comply with it. Having reflected a good deal on the character of Washington Irving's writings, a very few hours have enabled me to adjust my ideas with respect to his last work.

I have looked forward to the publication of Geoffrey Crayon's new work with much greater anxiety than to that of a new novel from the indefatigable pen of the Great Unknown. Geoffrey (said I), does not write against time, as the novelist does. He pays his readers more respect and does himself more justice. He loves fame as well as money. Besides, even when the G. U. was chary of his reputation, and leaned but lightly on his feather, I do not know that so much value (taking the *utile* and the *dulce* together) was derivable from any of his works as from those of our transatlantic brother, Geoffrey. At least, speaking for myself, who always wish to combine in my reading profit with pleasure, the perpetual insinuation of stories or passages where the strain of reflection is so deep as to amount almost to philosophy,—the insinuation of such stories or passages amongst those of a more purely amusive kind, will ever render such works as the Sketch Book much more acceptable to me than novels like those of the Author of Waverley, which are wholly devoted to entertainment. I read the latter, as it were, against my conscience. When I have finished one, and another, the question inevitably recurs—What have I gained by such an expense of time and eyesight? Am I wiser? Very little. Or better? Not much. What have I gained, then? Why, so many hours' amusement. And is this all? All: what would you more?—Instruction. I do not ask a sermon, or a philosophical essay; but instruction of some kind or other, an accession to my previous stock of knowledge, something which I can chew upon, digest, and turn to my own aggran-

dizement, I must have, or I would nearly as soon spend my time at a billiard table. Indeed altogether as soon; for a good game of billiards invigorates the body, whilst a novel, such as I speak of, debilitates the mind. The imagination being pampered, we have no energy of appetite for the simple fare of reason and wisdom which other books set before us. That is a higher kind of writing which, in however small a degree, addresses the heart or the understanding as well as the fancy. I do not, however, mean to be taken as one who condemns romantic or imaginative works; I merely say that those not wholly so are better. It would be hard upon readers as well as writers to prohibit (were that possible in effect) all works of mere entertainment; there are many who can read only such works, and some who can write none other. Yet perhaps it is unjust to say so: there are probably few readers who would not willingly imbibe the lessons of wisdom if they were sufficiently few and concise, if they were agreeably displayed and happily illustrated; there are probably few writers who could not impart such lessons, if they took half the pains to deserve their own approbation that they do to merit the applause of others.

To instruct by delighting is a power seldom enjoyed by man, and still seldomer exercised. It is in this respect that Homer may be called the second of men, and Shakspeare the first. The wisdom of the Greek was not so universal as that of the Briton, nor his genius so omnipotent in setting it forth attractively. From the several works of the latter, a single work might be compiled little less worthy of divine sanction than any other extant, and by the beauty of its nature, far more secure of human attention. But Shakspeare has done so much in this way, so nearly all that is sufficient,—he has made the laws of the decalogue and all their corollaries so familiar, he has exhibited the passions and propensi-

ties, the feelings and emotions, incident to humanity, so freely, and as I might say, graphically,—that another such artist would be superfluous. Nature might create a second Shakespeare, but it would be bad economy. What the first has left undone, may be completed by a much less expense of Promethean fire than would go to the creation of a second. We are therefore not to look for a similar being, at least until we acquire new attributes, or are under a new moral dispensation. Spirits of an inferior order, a Milton, a Pope, or a Cowper, are potent enough to disseminate the remaining or minor truths of natural morality amongst the people, or rather to repeat, illustrate, and impress them on our hearts and memories. Writers of this class whom we may call the lay ministers of the Deity, to teach from the press instead of the pulpit, in the closet instead of the church, we may expect; and with them should we be satisfied. Though we cannot reasonably hope for another high prophet of profane inspiration to re-communicate to us the lessons of divine wisdom which are already to be found in Shakespeare, it is no presumption to hope that the spirit of illumination will descend upon humbler poets, and make them our secular guides in morality. This is the office which should be sought by every writer, and for which he ought to prepare himself, as the will to become is (independent of genius) one and the same with the power to be. In this case it is not God who chooses what priests shall serve him, but the priests who choose whether they will serve him or not.

The preceding exaltation of the poetic character into something of a sacred nature, the designating poets, as it were,—a temporal order of moral teachers,—may astonish those who have been accustomed to degrade poetry into a mere collection of sounding words and glittering images. But a great poet is always a philosopher and a moralist; such also, in some degree, is every poet who is worthy of that name. The moral state of a nation may be judged of by its poetry, and it is its poetry which chiefly influences

its morals. For one man on whom a moral lesson is impressed by a sermon, there are at least an hundred on whom it is much more deeply impressed by a poem. No one who ever read can forget—

I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more is none.

But we hear every Sabbath many more maxims than we care to remember. A nation's poetry is then its immediate Scripture, and the digest of its practical wisdom and morality. A nation's poets are the best moral teachers of its people. In ancient times, when the priesthood was not so separate an order as at present, the task of instructing the people devolved almost wholly on the poets; especially on the dramatic writers. And hence we find the Greek and Roman dramas so replete with maxims, precepts, pious exhortations, and moral sentiments.

But to combine the poet and the philosopher is not given to every one. To instruct and delight at the same time is, as I before observed, not within the power of every author; at least, in this respect, there is a great difference in different authors. In the single province of amusing they are more on a level both with each other, and with the professors of many less intellectual arts,—the painter, the musician, the actor, and the buffoon. But he who can, at once, improve our hearts, expand our minds, and entertain our fancy, is a far superior genius to him who can do but one of these. It is in this general faculty that I think Washington Irving excels his contemporaries. This is the age of "deep feeling," but of little else. Few authors endeavour to merit the reputation of being as wise as they are passionate. The author of *Waverley* is certainly a more powerful writer than the author of the *Sketch Book*; that is, his subjects are more lofty, his imagery is more daring, and his language is, if I may so express myself, much louder and more vehement. But though a more powerful, he is not a more effective writer. He agitates the heart more, but he does not more forcibly persuade it towards his object.

And he would as soon think of putting on band and cassock as of addressing the reason instead of the fancy of his readers. I say not this to disparage the author of *Waverley*; by no means. His line of writing may not admit of such a proceeding. His talents may lie in another direction, and, powerful as they are, they may not be universal. I merely wish to point out in what I conceive Washington Irving's superiority to consist. He is certainly the only author I can now recollect, who, in the present day, largely intermingles moral reflection with the poetry of composition. This is the consummation devoutly to be wished by readers, and devotedly to be sought after by writers. The author of the *Sketch Book* is, in my opinion, a model for that class of writers to whose works the multitude chiefly resorts for its mental recreation; apprehensible by almost every age, sex, and condition, yet not beneath any. He unites much of the solid with more of the splendid; a certain degree of reflection with a greater degree of imagination; considerable power and will to instruct, still more considerable power and will to delight. But such unions are rare; unions by which Nature sometimes endeavours to make compensation for the myriads of fools whom she brings every day into the world.

How beautifully, for instance, does the story of "The Widow and her Son," in the *Sketch Book*, intervene between "The Country Church," and "The Boar's Head Tavern!" How much sweet and unobtrusive wisdom is inculcated by the sketch of "Westminster Abbey" and several others in these volumes! How frequently does the author lead us unwarily into a train of reflection! and in the midst of his liveliest stories how often do we meet with sentences and passages of gentle admonition or instructive remark, a maxim or a moral, tending to make us better or wiser, disclosing a new truth, or impressing an old one!—but of this beautiful and most praiseworthy introduction of moral reflection into works of entertainment, "Rural Funerals" is the

happiest example. The subject is interesting to the most insensible reader; the language is some of the sweetest I have ever met with; and the sentiments are of that deeply impressive moral kind, pregnant with feeling, simple, yet full of thought,—composing a master-piece of its kind, which it is almost vain for me to recommend to imitation; for it can scarcely be imitated with success, perhaps by the author himself. The last page or two where he speaks of "the sorrows for the dead," are worthy of perpetual study and eternal remembrance. They are at once beautiful and sublime; instructive and delightful. To them I would chiefly point my reader's attention, as exhibiting that degree of reflection, and that measure of instruction, which I am anxious to see all our general authors impart to some portions of their writings. I am not an admirer of didactic composition; but I confess it is not without some compunction that I sacrifice my time to the perusal of works where the imagination alone is pampered, and the reason altogether starved. Idle meditation would be a more profitable employment than such reading.

With these pre-dispositions in Mr. Irving's favour, and with these expectations from his forthcoming work, you may judge, my dear sir, of my disappointment, when instead of the qualities I have mentioned as raising him so far above his contemporaries, I found little in his *Tales of a Traveller*, but the style, to admire. Here is scarcely a gleam of his playful and Addisonian wit; nothing of his vivid delineation of character. But this is not the worst. The *Tales of a Traveller* are a number of short stories comprised in two volumes of about the same size as his former works. Not one of these stories is of the reflective character. In not one of them does the author indulge that fine strain of sentiment and moral feeling which makes his *Sketch Book* such a family-treasure,—even for the space of an ordinary paragraph. Some of the tales are to be sure of a serious na-

ture; serious as any one of those hundred thousand frightful little stories of ghosts and Italian banditti that appal the midnight milliner,—and just as worthy of any other reader's admiration. Except in beauty and grace of language they are not a whit superior to an equal number of pages torn from the innumerable garbage-novels which Paternoster pours upon us every publishing week. It is curious enough too, that the author in his preface actually makes a boast of the "sound morality" inculcated by each of his stories; not by *some* of them, observe, but by *each* of them. Now I beg leave to put the question to Mr. Irving,—Where is the "sound moral" of the following stories, viz. The Great Unknown, The Hunting Dinner, The Adventure of my Uncle, The Adventure of my Aunt, The Bold Dragoon, The German Student, The Mysterious Picture, The Mysterious Stranger, i. e. *all* the stories of Part I, except the last.) Is there one of the stories in Part III which contains more "sound morality" than banditti stories generally do? The impression left on my mind by Mr. Irving's fascinating description of these heroic ruffians is rather in *favour* of robbing. I don't know but that if I possessed a good villainous set of features, and the tact of dressing myself *point device* in the "rich and picturesque jackets and breeches" of these Italian cut-throats, I should be tempted into the romance of taking purses amongst the Abruzzi mountains, were it for nothing but to pick up some of that "sound morality" which Mr. Irving says is to be found there. But to be serious: it will be very evident to all who read these volumes, that in the two parts I have specified (i. e. half the book), the morality is either evil or exceptionable.

I have reason to believe that Mr. Irving received a very liberal sum from his publisher for this work; and if this be really the case I am sorry for it. Should I be asked wherefore? I answer; that (not to speak of fame) it is much to be feared his own interest, as well as that of the public, will

eventually suffer by it. Irving will now perhaps begin to "write against time" as others do, and destroy his own credit with his readers, as others have done. Being myself a man of no superfluous wealth, I shall certainly reflect maturely before I give four-and-twenty shillings for his next work, whatever it may be. And how does the interest of the public suffer? Why in this manner: the author, as I may say, defrauds us of the deeper riches of his mind, putting us off with the dross which lies nearest the surface, can be more easily gotten together, and more readily delivered over to the task-master, his publisher. The tales of a Traveller seem to tell one more tales than the author would wish to make public,—viz: that Geoffrey Crayon knows something of "The Art of Bookmaking" beyond the mere theory. They bear unequivocal marks of having been composed for Mr. Murray, and not for the public. Whilst reading them, I was perpetually haunted by a singular vision; I fancied that I saw the author at his writing-desk, armed with a goose-quill and other implements of literary husbandry, whilst the aforesaid eminent bibliopoliſt stood at his elbow, jingling a purse of sovereigns, from which a couple descended into the author's pouch according as he finished every page of foolscap. Hasty composition is written in palpable yet invisible letters on the face of the whole work. The subjects chosen are most of them common-place; and the manner of treating them is not very original. There is in these volumes, as I have said, nothing of that sweet and solemn reflection, no traces of that fine rich vein of melancholy meditation, which threw such an air of interest over his first and best work, which infused such a portion of moral health into the public constitution.* Yes, there is one passage of this nature, and it

* It is ungenerous I acknowledge, but I cannot help wishing that the author of the Sketch Book had remained a little longer under the pressure of that misfortune (whatever it may have been) which seemed to have dictated those pathetic and deeply-affecting little stories, that form the principal charm of his maiden work.

is the best in the whole work. It is the description of a wild and reckless youth who returns, after many wanderings, to visit the grave of the only being he had loved on earth, his mother. Geoffrey Crayon wrote this passage. We may perceive, also, traces of the other end of his pencil in the humorous Dutch stories which form part IV. of his collection. The pun has some truth in it which asserts that Mr. Irving is *at home* whenever he gets among his native scenes and fellow countrymen. Though even in this part the touches of humour are fewer and less powerful than of old; faint flashes of that merriment which were wont to set his readers in a roar. Rip Van Winkle and Sleepy Hollow are stories beyond the inspiration of Albemarle-street. Of the remaining Tales in these volumes, the author of Bracebridge-hall may have written some,—and any other “gentleman of the press” (only borrowing Mr. Irving’s easiness and grace of language) might have written the rest. One or two *Americanisms*, and a general dearth of those peculiar beauties in thought and expression which overspread his former works, indicate the same negligence and haste which I have remarked as comparatively distinguishing these volumes. At least I had rather impute these faults to those causes than to a mind worn out, or a genius broken down. The author may possibly have written this work at the feet of Fame, not under the eye of Mammon; but if so—Farewell! his occupation’s gone! Geoffrey Crayon *was* Mr. Irving, but Mr. Irving *is not* Geoffrey Crayon.

As to delineation of character, I could scarcely persuade myself that he who drew the admirable portrait of Master Simon could err so lamentably as our author has, in attempting to depict several miniatures in the present volumes. A “worthy fox-hunting old baronet” tells a most romantic love-tale, with all the sensibility of a disciple of Della Crusca, and an officer of British dragoons is made to speak in the following style, so very characteristic of that order of gentlemen: “Oh! if it’s ghosts you want,

honey,” cried an Irish captain of dragoons, “if it’s ghosts you want, you shall have a whole regiment of them. And since these gentlemen have given the adventures of their uncles and aunts, faith and I’ll even give you a chapter out of my own family history.” To be sure this officer had the ill-luck to have been born in the same country with Burke, Sheridan, and Grattan; he was, it must be confessed—an Irishman; and it is past doubt that Irishmen in general can never wholly divest themselves of a certain mellifluous elongation of tone called the *brogue*, nor perhaps of a greater breadth of pronunciation than our English nicety of ear can digest; but although my experience has lain pretty largely amongst gentlemen of that nation, I must in justice say that I never yet met with one whose idiom in any degree approached the plebeian model here brought before us. Mr. Irving judging probably from the “rascal few” whom crime or vagabondism, has driven to his country, that common *refugium peccatorum*, conceives it necessary to make an Irish gentleman express himself like an Irish American; or perhaps he has taken Foigard and Macmorris for his *beau-ideal*. To me, who have kept better company than Mr. Irving probably met with in Hiberno-America, his delineation of an Irish *gentleman*, as we must presume every dragoon-officer to be, appears offensively unnatural. Being moreover put forth as a general characteristic description (which, with Mr. Irving’s seal to it, must necessarily have its influence on foreign opinion), the gentry of that nation cannot but consider it as an insult and an injustice which the ignorance that dictated it can alone excuse.

In the L’Envoy to the Sketch Book Mr. Irving speaks of the “contrariety of excellent counsel” which had being given him by his critics. “One kindly advised him to avoid the ludicrous, another to shun the pathetic.” If the turn of an author’s genius is to be determined from the line of writing which he seems most to indulge, *humour* is certainly the reigning quality of Mr. Irving’s mind. Bracebridge-

Hall, much and the best part of the Tales of a Traveller, are written in the humorous vein. On the other hand, if the turn of genius is to be estimated by the felicity of execution, we should perhaps say that our author's forte was the pathetic. But in truth, the fine melancholy shade which was thrown over the Sketch Book seems to have been only the effect of sorrow's passing cloud,—and to have past with it. Could not Mr. Irving manage to be humorous and pathetic at the same time, and give us another

Sketch Book? He would thus please both parties, instead of neither.

To conclude: it is an usual complaint with the authors of one popular work that their succeeding efforts are ungraciously received by the public; but the inferiority of the Tales of a Traveller to Mr. Irving's preceding works is so palpable, that I am sure he himself must acknowledge the sentence that condemns it as unworthy of his talents to be just.

I am, &c. &c.

LINES ON THE LOSS OF A SHIP.

HER mighty sails the breezes swell,
And fast she leaves the lessening land,
And from the shore the last farewell
Is waved by many a snowy hand;
And weeping eyes are on the main,
Until its verge she wanders o'er;
But, from the hour of parting pain,
That bark was never heard of more.

In her was many a mother's joy,
And love of many a weeping fair;
For her was waisted, in its sigh,
The lonely heart's unceasing prayer;
And, oh! the thousand hopes untold
Of ardent youth, that vessel bore;
Say, were they quenched in waters cold?
For she was never heard of more!

When on her wide and trackless path
Of desolation, doomed to flee,
Say, sank she 'midst the blending wrath
Of racking cloud and rolling sea?

Or, where the land but mocks the eye,
Went drifting on a fatal shore?
Vain guesses all—her destiny
Is dark—she ne'er was heard of more!

The moon hath twelve times changed her form;
From glowing orb to crescent wan:
'Mid skies of calm, and scowl of storm,
Since from her port that ship hath gone:
But ocean keeps its secret well,
And though we know that all is o'er,
No eye hath seen—no tongue can tell
Her fate—she ne'er was heard of more!

Oh! were her tale of sorrow known,
'Twere something to the broken-heart,
The pangs of doubt would then be gone,
And Fancy's endless dreams depart:
It may not be!—there is no ray
By which her doom we may explore:
We only know she sailed away,
And ne'er was seen nor heard of more!

LETRILLA. BY MR. WIEFEN.

SOFT wind that go'st flying, and murmuring too,
The delightful world over, with nothing to do!
Play me a tune with the elm-leaves above,
Whilst the maid sleeps whom so dearly I love.

To-day, pleasant wind, thou must give sweet re-
pose
To a beautiful creature who very well knows
To make me long vigils of tenderness keep,
But knows not to lull my sad sorrows asleep;
Come, win thee my favour, since thou wakest too,
Flying all the world over with nothing to do;

Play me a tune with the elm-leaves above,
Whilst the maid sleeps whom so dearly I love.

Thou who midst the green leaves gaily sing'st at a
guess
Of my past happy fortune and present distress,
Fresh, grateful, and straying, the whole summer
through,
This delightful world over, with nothing to do!
Play me a tune with the elm-leaves above,
Whilst the maid sleeps whom so dearly I love.

IRELAND—HOAXING.

LET your philosophical contributors fix the cause, I content myself with asserting the fact, that in every considerable town except Dublin, where I have yet sojourned, practical hoax seems to be the esteemed relaxation of gentlemen at large of the middle rank, and men of business and profession, whose facile method of despatch, or whose waste time, allows them the primary means for its indulgence. Passing by countless instances of this scientific waggery, which, if you had been as long as I have been in Ireland, would amuse you, allow me to submit one grand *tour* illustrative of the almost desperate extent to which it can reach. I am about to mention important facts and dates, and am aware of the authenticity of which I ought to base my narrative; but if my own eyes and ears may serve, they are your warrant in attaching implicit credence to the sequel. In one word, I shall not state a circumstance which I do not know of my own knowledge.

Thus, then, you will easily call to mind, that at the death of the ever-to-be-lamented Princess, now some years ago, the day of interment was previously understood throughout the United Kingdom, and every town and village proposed to mourn the melancholy event on a Wednesday, I believe, with closed shops, suspension of business, prayers and homilies. I need not remind you that I was then in Ireland, partly on your own mission, and residing in a certain city of Ireland. The appointed morn rose on that certain city as on all others, and the people duteously attended, or rather began to attend, to the orders judicially issued for its sad observance. No shopkeeper unmasked the broad and shining face of his shop window; no petty marketting or cries ushered in the day; death-bells were knelling; the loyal and pious, including the garrison, proposed to go to divine service; and all the preachers in the town had been up two hours be-

fore their usual rising time, to re-con and polish the long-balanced funeral oration. These were the symptoms down to half-past seven o'clock; but lo! at or about that hour, forth rushes the town-crier, without a hat, his face pale, his looks wild, his gesticulation vehement, and his voice choked with precipitancy; and he rings me his bell at every corner, and endeavours to pronounce the following:—"By special orders of Mr. Mayor, the funeral is not to take place till Friday morning. God save the King!" The shops were opened, the bells ceased to toll, and business and bustle proceeded as usual. I went to the public reading-room to satisfy myself on this extraordinary occurrence. The Dublin mail had not arrived; but the Mayor had received the news by despatch from the Castle the night before, and all was right. It was eight—half-past eight o'clock, and we heard, at last, the "twanging horn" of the mail-coach as it drew up at its allotted resting-place. Many a wistful eye now peered out of the windows adown the street to reconnoitre the boy, who had been for an hour before placed with his shoulder to the little black wooden pane in the shop window of "the post-office." He came at last, pale and breathless, and with an ominous pendency in jaw—for oh! he had held whispering converse with that important inland personage, the guard of the mail, and his ear still rung with fearful sounds. We tore open the papers—the Dublin papers of the preceding evening, despatched at eight o'clock, six hours sooner than a Mercury could have left town to be in — at one o'clock in the morning, which was the case stated. We tore them open, I say; our eyes glanced like electricity to the *readings* of the different journals, then to the tail of the column, where "second edition," in good capitals, ought to have been. We did this and more. *We*—who? The magistrates of the city among the rest, with the

Mayor at their head!—the wise caterers for public order and decorum!—the men of counsel and council!—the “Daniels—I say the Daniels!” Muse of Hogarth or of Rabelais! coquet with me only for one felicitous instant, while I try to paint the vacuity of horror, yet redolence of the ridiculous, which bespoke the first full suspicion of a hoax, that was—no doubt—villainously good, but also of a blunder that was execrably palpable! But I dare only to leave this scene to the imagination. Let it suffice that the Mayor appealed to his despatch from the Secretary—produced it—and, to mend the matter, “lo, ’twas red!” What could be done? The town itself might be managed after a manner—the crier might make another *sortie* to cause the shops to be shut, and the customers turned out—the bells might easily be set again in motion; but the country districts, the villages six, eight, ten, fifteen miles off! At seven o’clock in the morning the two troops of horse in garrison had been despatched to these several places with orders to suspend the homilies till Friday: there was not a trooper left to pursue them with countermanding orders!—and again I inquire, what could be done? Nothing but what was done. The day, while all the rest of the British Empire mourned, the city of — and her dependencies waxed merry and busy; and when the cloud had passed from the world beside, they had at last their time of exclusive sorrow. Any comment upon the moral propriety of this hoax might be out of season,—certainly would be superfluous. If contemplated to the excess it ran, there can be no second opinion as to the delinquency; and in any view it was most indecorous, and no doubt you and your readers will call it shocking. But I am strongly led to question the first case; and with the second can have little to do. I only state, as in duty bound, facts, that even in their excesses present to you, I think, a trait of national character, whose demerits at least contain some, and a peculiar mental activity—in idleness.

And since we have stumbled on

national portraiture, suffer me to present you with another feature which may interest. I have met with more than one profound Munchausen in Ireland; that is, a regular story-teller, who glories in his talent, who has built up to himself much fame and admiration from its repeated exercise, and whose effort is to preserve his character by a succession of ridiculous fictions. The king of this race of queer mortals is now dead; he abode in the very metropolis; was the idol of merry meetings in taverns, and at respectable private houses too: and, by all I can learn, never had compeer. His name was Sweetman—“Jack Sweetman.”—Oh! how the bare mention of his name will set poor Scotch’s eyes twinkling, and slightly curve the right line of even Mr. O’Regan’s mouth!—As master Slender would observe, however, “He is dead—Jack Sweetman is dead;” and those of his unconscious emulators whom I have seen were not your city wags: Pure rustic geniuses they; teeming with their own original conceptions, and flinging them out and about in their own quaint idiom and slippery tongue. The picture of the cleverest of them I have encountered, is before me: A comfortable country gentleman, about fifty years of age, tall, a little fat, a round red shining face, not at all strongly marked, and no index to his talent, if you should except the sparkle of two small blue eyes, rebelling against the affectation of gravity imposed on his well closed lips. At his own table, or at any other table, he was and is the father of tempestuous laughter. He knows what is expected from him—and that is every thing—and without apparent effort he yields full and eternal satisfaction. I have heard him always with amazement, and, I must own, often with real excitation of spirits. We have no idea of such a man in England. He has told in my presence, upon four or five occasions that I have sat with him, half a hundred stories at least, no one resembling the other, and, I have been informed by those who knew him long, unlike any that he had ever told before. In fact, during some thirty

years of professional practice, it would appear he scarcely ever finds it necessary to repeat himself. This you will say is imaginative fecundity with a vengeance. If you proceed to interrogate me on the merit or style of these extemporaneous effusions, I fear I can answer nothing satisfactory. As to matter, they are the most monstrous and matchless combinations of narrative, out-Munchausening Munchausen—always new, always jangling against each other; and, all I can add is, fit to be laughed at for their very unfitness to any thing else. But you should hear this man tell them. There is the whole charm. You should listen to him as he sits at his ease with his whisky-punch before him, and his friends around him, and his face in its unclouded meridian, without a muscle wincing, as the fluent words quietly pour out for ever, and choke every one else with convulsions of mirth. Let your fancy so far assist me as to get him thus present, and I proceed, as the best mode of illustration, to relate one—though by no means one of the best of his stories. I select it for its brevity. It would begin thus: "Arrah, come now—(turning to a grave guest)—this will never do, father Cokoran—maister, sir, maister—or maybe you'd be for an oyster? We'll get them there; an' I pray God there may'nt be such a story to tell o' them as the night last week that the gauger was here. I was in town that day, an' bought just as fine a hundred as ever

was seen; Dick put them down on the dairy floor to keep them cool; and here we sat as we are now, God bless us all, after dinner, when we heard such a screeching an' hubbub as rang through the house, an' brought us out to see what was the matter. Into the dairy we went—an' I'll tell you how it happened. The rats came in, you see, in the dark, an' were for being curious about the oysters; an' one of the oysters that was as curious an' just as cute as any of the rats, opened himself a little to take a peep about the dairy; an' when a rat put in his fore foot to have a crook at the oyster, faith it held him as fast as it could; which not being to the rat's mind, nathing could make up to the passion he gat into, an' the noise he made. We staid some time looking on, an' then went out for a dog to worry the rat; an' as we had to go thro' the yard to the dog, we were for stepping down stairs quietly, when—what you think?—By the life of O'Pharaoh, Sir, we were forced to stand aside, an' give way to a hundred rats at least, that were come from borrowing a crow-bar from the forge, an' they had it between them, walking up stairs in a body to break open the oyster an' deliver their namesake from his hands." —I shall add no comment upon this *fanciful* narrative, further than to say, that it strikes me to be quite as good as the three hundred rats of which Mr. Hogg has made memorable use in his last Novel.

SONG.

IT is not for your eagle eye,
Though bright its glance may be—
It is not for your sunny smile,
That, *Ulric*, I love thee.
It is not for your marble brow,
Nor for your raven hair:
It is not that you ride the ring,
And wear my colours there.
It is not for your gifts of gold,
Not for your lute's sweet chords;
It is not for your lordly birth,
Not for your honied words:—
But it is that I deem your heart
Is given quite to me:
You love me, and can I do less,
Dear *Ulric*, than love thee?

LOUIS XVIII. AND CHARLES X.

THE French physicians predicted as far back as May last, that if the weather was hot, the King could not get over the summer. His legs had been a mass of corruption; but in June, instead of acute, the pains became chronic, and he was in a state of continual lethargy. To give the appearance of his being much better in health than he was, he was prevailed on to take his drives as usual; but though he travelled over the pavement at the rate of twelve or fourteen miles an hour, the shaking had no effect on his lethargy, and it was very rarely that he uttered a syllable from leaving the chateau to returning to it. At intervals the sense of pain roused his dormant faculties, and he was capable of transacting business for a few minutes; but so impatient of contradiction was he, that he dismissed, without ceremony, even those to whom he had been longest attached,—the companions of his exile and his friends in adversity. Of this number were the Dukes de Blacas and La Chatre,—the former, for having presumed to offer an opinion differing from that of his Majesty on a very trifling point, was dismissed from service, and, to gild the pill of disgrace, appointed Ambassador to Naples; the latter, presuming on the very long intimacy, the affectionate attachment that had always subsisted between them, and the long and valuable services he had rendered his Majesty, conjured the King to abandon the project of the lowering the rate of interest of the public funds, as contrary to public opinion. The King made no answer; but on the Duke going the next morning to attend as First Gentleman of the Chamber, the Usher in waiting would not let him pass, and told him that his Majesty had no farther occasion for his services. The poor old Duke was thunder-struck; he retired to Meudon to pour out his sorrows in the bosom of his old friend the Duke de Castries; but the shock was too great for the consolation of friendship to heal the wound: as he was eating an egg at breakfast

he fell down in an apoplectic fit, lingered a few days, and expired. On the King being told of it, he merely said, "He was a good man and a faithful servant."

The King treated M. de Chateaubriand in the same manner, and on the same account. At nine o'clock on Sunday morning, the minister was totally unacquainted with his fate; at eleven, on going to the Chateau, he was stopped, and told he would, on returning home, find the reason why he was not admitted.

These acts, so totally at variance with all our ideas of the forms of polished life, and especially of a Court which sacrifices more to exterior forms than any other, are only to be attributed to the extreme irritation occasioned by a state of continual bodily suffering.

About this time caries of the spine spread itself. The King was now obliged to be strapped in his chair; and it was evident that he could not suffer much longer. As the malcontents had long calculated on the royal demise for an insurrection, it was thought advisable to take every means of concealing the state of his Majesty's health; and for this purpose the censorship of the journals was revived, so that no intelligence of the kind could reach the Provinces. And as his decease was shortly anticipated, the genius of M. de Villele suggested the idea of making the principal changes necessarily consequent on a new reign, during the old one; so that when Charles X. came to the throne, there could be no discontents from dismissing one set of men to make place for others, and those in office would be grateful at keeping their places; while all the odium, if any, of the changes would rest with the old King, who had made them: hence the very numerous changes in the Council of State, the Prefects, &c. &c. &c. This was a deep stroke of policy in M. de Villele, which, it is believed, has secured him the entire confidence of Charles X.

The King's health gradually declined, yet it was thought good policy to

produce him as usual on State occasions, so that neither the regular receptions of his own Court nor of the foreign ministers were ever suspended. He even held his regular leveé on the 7th instant for the reception of the diplomatic corps. Although he was then in a dying state, he was strapped in his wheel chair to prevent his falling forward, his head sunk entirely on his breast, and his chin concealed in the blue riband of the Order of the Holy Ghost; his hat, fringed with white feathers, lying on his lap, and his hand upon it. For a few minutes he appeared to be asleep; at length he gave tokens of existence, and the Baron Lalive, conductor of the Ambassadors, named them according to the order in which they stood in the circle, and each advanced to salute his Majesty. At two or three of the first names the King muttered something, but unintelligibly; he then relapsed into the lethargic state, and the Ambassadors withdrew. At this leveé the Count d'Artois appeared in perfect health, vigorous and active, as if he were not above forty or fifty years of age.

It was now evident that the King could not survive many days; his florid complexion appeared to be owing to art, and the decay of nature seemed approaching the last crisis; the suppuration of the wounds became suspended; the animation of the lower extremities was gone; and the spark of life was only prolonged by a surgical operation to which he was very unwilling to submit.

His Majesty's attachments were few; and out of sight out of mind was rather a part of his character. M. de Cazes was a long time his favourite; he used to call him his Son; he could not pass a day without seeing him: but when the Duke de Berry was murdered, and De Cazes's enemies attributed it to his favouring the Liberaux too much, preposterous as the charge was, the King, on finding a loud outcry against his favourite, abandoned him. M. de Villele seemed latterly to possess his unbounded confidence; and on the marriage of the Minister's daughter, the King presented the bride with one hundred thousand francs. It is stated

that, on his deathbed, he refused to see the children of the Duchess de Berry: it is known that the King was not fond of them, and this is attributed to circumstances almost too ridiculous to be related. On St. Louis's Day, in 1822, when the children were brought to him, he asked the little Princess to sit on his lap; she refused: on being asked by the Duchess (her mother) why she would not sit on the King's lap, she said she did not like it, because the King smelled. The other anecdote is equally frivolous as a motive of dislike: the King asked the little Duke of Bourdeaux, a few months since, if he would like to be a king? "No, Sir," was the reply.—"Why, my child, would you not like to be a king?"—"Because I like to run about." The boy fancying, from the only specimen he saw, that the inability to walk was one of the attributes of royalty.

The character of his Majesty, will, of course, be variously drawn—it may be summed up in a few words: He was neither cruel nor ambitious; all he wanted was peace and tranquillity; his long and painful state of suffering prevented his paying the attention to business that was requisite: equally inconstant in his likes and dislikes, he evidently possessed few or none of those higher affections which identify souls with each other; and it might be said of him as Goldsmith said of Garrick—

He threw off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew, when he pleased, he could whistle
them back.

Charles X. on succeeding to the Throne, has promised to observe the charter and the institutions of the State, as his brother had done. This, certainly, is not promising much, for many and frequent were the infractions of the charter by Louis XVIII. Indeed, the charter, got up in a hurry, betrays all the haste and incompleteness of its origin: as an organic constitution, it is extremely imperfect; the *lacunæ* are numerous, and those attempted to be filled up have not been filled up in the most desirable manner. This is not to be attributed entirely to the want of liberality in Louis XVIII. but to the ceaseless efforts of the Buonapartists and

Republicans to sow dissensions, inspire distrust, create disturbances, and foment conspiracies. These were at length carried to such a height, that a general conspiracy to overturn the Government was organized throughout the kingdom; almost every regiment was corrupted: the conspiracies were detected on several points, but, notwithstanding they failed at Paris, at Besfort, at Colmar, at Poitiers, and Rochfort, the spirit of the conspirators was unbroken when the insurrection in Spain broke out. As it had been found impossible to collect a considerable body of rebels on any single point in France, it was resolved to effect it in Spain, and thither all the discontented and revolutionary flocked from France, Belgium, England, and America: General Lefevre Desnouettes and General Lallemand came from America with this object; the former was drowned off the coast of Ireland, but Lallemand sailed from England to Spain, where Colonel Fabrier had organized a body of French refugees; Sir Robert Wilson and his Aide-de-Camp went to Spain to join them, and proclaimed himself the precursor of "ten thousand English, who would soon join them, to put down all *tyranny* and *tyrants*." The total failure of all attempts of the refugees to make a landing in France, or corrupt the invading French army, gave the death-blow to the hopes of the conspirators; and the result of the Spanish war destroyed entirely their sanguine expectations of effecting a revolution in France at the moment, or organizing it at the death of the King. But it was this well known threat and intention which induced M. de Villele and M. de Corbiere to take every precaution, when they found the King hastening to his final dissolution; hence the censorship, and the numerous changes of Prefects, Sub-prefects, Mayors, &c. through all the departments. We, who know France, firmly believe the precaution unnecessary: yet it was probably as well to convince the disaffected that every thing was foreseen.

From the conduct of the Count d'Artois, it was supposed he was strongly inclined to ultra-royalist prin-

ciples and absolute power. This arose from the necessity which heirs apparent generally feel of forming a party, which must necessarily differ in political principle from that of the Court, or it would cease to be one. Now there were only two extremes to choose from, the liberals, or what is called the pure royalists. That the Count d'Artois should not prefer the party of the revolution, can be easily imagined; therefore he had no alternative but taking the other course, which was more consonant with his principles, his habits, and the position in which he was placed. But this may be said for the Count d'Artois, that he always disapproved of the excesses of his own party, and if he pardoned them, it was from a noble feeling—that of never forgetting the services of an old friend, and which induced him to forgive slight or temporary errors. In this point Charles X. differs widely from Louis XVIII.: his affections are strong, and constant as they are strong; he will make few political changes, save to recompense the zeal, fidelity, and constant friendship of the companions of his exile; and that he is no friend to absolute power, will be evident from the suppression of the censorship, which will be taken off almost immediately. His mind is not so cultivated by study as that of the late King; but whatever superiority Louis XVIII. had over him in that respect, it was more than counterbalanced by that habitual suffering, which paralysed the understanding and affected the judgment.

The King is healthy; he is in the full possession of all his faculties; he can see with his own eyes and judge for himself; and there is little doubt of France being happy and prosperous during his reign, for the rising spirit of rebellion is put down, and its elements dispersed.*

* We give this interesting account as we have received it, knowing the ample means our Correspondent possesses of obtaining the best information, where he is not a personal observer. Where we might differ from him in opinion, we have refrained from urging our views, because we do not feel that we enjoy such good grounds whereon to form a judgment.

VARIETIES.

Original Anecdotes, Literary News, Chit Chat, Incidents, &c

Why the eyes of a portrait, which look directly at a spectator in front, do so also in any other position, has remained without an explanation until lately. Dr. Wollaston after considering the matter, observes, when two objects are seen on the ground at different distances from us, in the same direction, one appears, and must be represented to a picture, as exactly above the other, so that a vertical plane from the eye would pass through them; and since such line will be seen upright, however far we move to one side, it follows that the same object will still seem to be in a line with us, exactly as in the front view—seeming, as we move, to turn from their first direction. In portraits, the permanence of direction, with reference to the spectator, depends on the same principles. So the nose, drawn in front with its central line upright, continues directed to the spectator, though viewed obliquely; or, if the right side of the nose is represented, it must appear directed to the right of the spectator, in all situations.

The temporary derangement of vision, which very commonly follows acidity or flatulency in the stomach, and as commonly precedes sick-headach, or else unusual sleepiness, in great numbers of persons (the writer amongst the number), has lately attracted the attention of Dr. Wollaston, who, with his wonted sagacity, has discovered that, usually, one half only, either to the right or to the left of each eye, is in these cases temporarily affected with blindness. From a careful consideration of the circumstances attending five cases of temporary half-blindness, which are detailed in the *Philosophical Transactions* just published, the doctor has been led to an important anatomical discovery, as to the semi-decussation of the optic nerves in the human subject; that is, instead of the entire optic nerves from the two opposite thalami of the brain, crossing each other, and proceeding entire to the eyes, on opposite sides, as has generally been supposed, that portion of nerve which proceeds from the right thalamus to the right side of the right eye, passes to its destination without interference; and, in a similar manner, the left thalamus supplies the left side of the left eye with one part of its fibres; whilst the remaining halves of both nerves, in passing over to the eyes of the opposite sides, intersect each other, either with or without intermixture of their fibres. On this principle, Dr. Wollaston most ingeniously explains how single vision is produced by two eyes—how infants are enabled to avoid squinting, &c.

MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

The migration of birds was a subject which, during many years, engaged the attention of the late celebrated Dr. Jenner, having been early in life stimulated to the inquiry by the investigation on this subject which the great John Hunter was carrying

on, whilst Mr. Jenner was resident in his house as a medical pupil. The son of Dr. Jenner has, since his decease, communicated to the Royal Society his father's manuscripts on the subject, which have been printed in the *Philosophical Transactions*,—a recapitulation of which is as follows, viz.—First, Dr. Jenner adduces some arguments in support of migration, because of the fact itself not being generally admitted by naturalists of celebrity, and also against the hypothesis of a state of torpor, or what may be termed the *hibernating system*. He next shows, from repeated observations, that the swallow tribe, and many other birds that absent themselves at stated periods, return annually to the same spot to build their nests; and that any inference drawn from this fact, in support of a state of torpor, would be fallacious, upon physiological principles. In corroboration and continuation of the observations of John Hunter, Dr. Jenner shows, that certain periodical changes of the testes and ovaria are the exciting causes of migration,—and states many facts, hitherto unnoticed, with respect to the cause which excites the migrating birds, at certain seasons of the year, to quit one country for another, viz. the enlargement of the testes of the male, and ovaria in the female, and the need of a country where they can, for a while, be better accommodated with succours for that infant brood than in that from which they depart. It is attempted to be shown by Dr. Jenner, that their departure from this country is not in consequence of any disagreeable change in the temperature of the air, or from a scarcity of their common food,—but the result of the accomplishment of their errand, i. e. the incubation and rearing of their young, and the detumescence of the testes and ovaria; that successive arrivals of migrating birds are attributable to the progressive development of the generative system in the male and female; that progressive developments are wise provisions of the Creator; that premature arrivals and departures are frequently to be accounted for on the same principle; that the departure of the spring migrators is owing to a change in the testes and ovaria, the very opposite of that which took place in the spring; that the departure of the young birds is not guided by the parents, but the result of an unknown principle. In the second part of the doctor's paper some observations are made on the winter birds of passage:—that they quit their homes in this country, in the spring, in quest of a country better suited to their intended purpose than this; that they are actuated by the same impulse in quitting this country that causes the spring birds to come to it, and that want of food cannot be the inducement; that the emigration of the winter birds is less complete than that of the others, or spring migrators; that

some species breed here, especially the wild-duck and wood-pigeon; that the red-wings and fieldfares are the most regular and uniform in their appearance and disappearance, and most probably never risk the trial of incubation here, or at least not in the part of Gloucestershire where Dr. Jenner resided; that they quit the country *temporarily*, in severe and long-continued frost, through want of food, and return to it again at the approach of more temperate weather; that the arrival of water-birds forbodes the approach of intense frost, and the usual return of the water-birds a thaw; that the examinations of the latter prove them to have taken long flights before their return, and sets the fact of temporary migration beyond the reach of doubt. The paper concludes with some additional particulars respecting the different sizes of the generative organs of migratory birds, as they appear at different seasons of the year.

MERMAID.

The Drogheda Journal states that three persons, whose names it gives, saw on the 18th ult. a creature in the sea, which answered the description given of Mermaids, having the human form from the waist upwards; long arms, long hair, and a fish's tail. They do not mention the looking-glass!

HONOUR.

A rich man being asked to pay a debt of a hundred pounds, contracted by his son, who had fled from his creditor, replied, "I have sworn by my honour, and by all that is most sacred, never to pay one of my son's debts; and I should be wanting to my honour if I were to break my word."

NEWSPAPER ACCURACY.

The following appeared in a Sunday newspaper of the 29th ult.:

"*Suicide.*—On Friday evening a poor woman was put into St. Giles's watch-house for being disorderly in the street, and shortly after *hung herself, and was not discovered till quite dead.* She was taken to Marlborough-street police office on Wednesday last on a *similar charge!!*

WOLVES IN HARNESS.

A singular equipage has been seen for the last six months in the streets of Munich. It is a calash drawn by two enormous wolves, which M. W. K. formerly a merchant of St. Petersburg, found very young in a wood near Wilna, and has so well tamed

that they have all the docility of horses. These animals are harnessed exactly like our carriage horses, and have entirely lost their ferocious instinct. The police have only required that they shall be muzzled. M. W. K. parades the city in this equipage several times a day, and always attracts an immense crowd.—Mr. Ex-Sheriff Parkins, some years since, drove about in this way two zebras, or wild asses.

ILLUSTRATION OF THE PHOSPHORESCENCE OF THE OCEAN.

Pour a little phosphorated ether on a lump of sugar, and drop it into a glass of tepid water. In a dark place the surface of the water will become very soon luminous, and if it be moved by blowing gently with the mouth, beautiful and brilliant undulations of the surface will be visible, exhibiting the appearance of liquid combustion. Those who cannot see the ocean in a flame may adopt this feeble mode of imitating it, and it will give them a faint idea of a phenomenon which has called forth the admiration of all who have ever seen it, and which has been recorded by Lord Byron in noble poetry.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY

has arrived at his house in Grosvenor-street, from Denmark, after a stormy passage across the North Seas, in the *Comet* steam-boat. Sir Humphrey has been engaged, during the months of July and August, in pursuing various philosophical researches along the coast of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, for which the Admiralty granted him the use of the *Comet* steam-boat. He has ascertained, we understand, that his principle of preserving the copper-sheathing of ships by the contact of 1-200th of iron, succeeds perfectly in the most rapid sailing and in the roughest sea. During this expedition, Dr. Piarks has connected, by chronometrical observations, the triangulation of Denmark and Hanover with that of England; and, by the desire of the Admiralty, various points of longitude have been determined by their chronometers, of great importance to navigation: amongst others, that of the Naze of Norway.

DAVID'S LAST PICTURE.

When David was on the eve of departing from Paris into exile, he is said to have told his pupils that he was about to alter and improve his style, and that he would send them from the Netherlands,—the country which he had chosen for his future

residence,—a specimen of colouring, which should be far superior to any thing which he had heretofore produced. In the present picture, David has fulfilled his promise with a vigour of execution that could scarcely have been expected in youth itself. On this piece he has devoted his whole time during his exile at Brussels. The following description will enable your readers to form some idea of the composition of this piece:—Mars having returned fatigued from the field of battle, has seated himself on a couch, from which Venus has apparently partly risen, in order to make room for him. The latter has one hand resting on the former, and is with the other about to place a garland of flowers on the head of Mars, on condition that he forsakes for the future the pursuit of arms. Mars is with his left hand resigning his sword, as a token of assent to this proposition; and with the other, which is hanging over the head of the couch, holding a spear. Two of the Graces are taking hold of his helmet and shield, and the third presenting him with nectar. Cupid is seated at his feet busily employed in unloosing one of his sandals.—The disposition of the whole scene is admirably conceived, though the arrangement is, in my opinion, rather too studied. The drawing is as chaste as it is beautiful; and the colouring, in variety, richness, and truth of tone, is truly admirable, and far superior in brilliance to any of his former productions. The head, body, and in short the whole person of Mars, are possessed of great beauties; but the Venus, though the back is beautiful and the feet admirable, is possessed of no portion of that melting voluptuousness, which usually belongs to the Venus of Greece and Rome; for, instead of that, we find nothing but anxiety and dejection. Nor are the features of the Graces more agreeable; and the figure of Love is both misplaced and badly embodied. But in spite of these observations, I must acknowledge that, taking into consideration the great age of the artist, and the novelty of the style of the present undertaking to him, that it is a great work, and will always be admired, as a splendid specimen of colouring. This is said to be the last picture which David intends to undertake.

NEW SYSTEM OF GEOLOGY!!

A Frenchman, of the name of Chabrier, has published a Dissertation on the Universal Deluge.

M. Chabrier's occupations obliging him, it appears, to travel frequently, especially in the north of Germany, he was extremely puzzled by the blocks of granite (frequently of vast size,) which are scattered in profusion on both sides of the Elbe, in the territories of Breiten and Hamburg, Mecklenburg, Pomerania, &c.; all which countries are very remote from the granite mountains. The results of his long and arduous meditations are here given to the public in the form of a theory, which, like

many other geological theories, has been produced by a desire to explain a particular phenomenon, apparently irreconcilable with any other geological hypothesis. M. Chabrier, convinced that the aforesaid blocks of granite did not come from the Hartz Mountains or from Sweden, concludes that they must be *aerolites*!! Having subsequently ascertained, by a scrupulous examination of the mountains, that they were only heaps of rubbish, he began to doubt whether the granite spread over the surface of the globe had been formed and crystallized in a primitive sea, which (says he) *nobody had seen*. Accordingly, after he had obtained the *certainly* of the contrary, he formally denies this fact, and does not hesitate to assert, that the granite came, as it is, from the atmosphere, with the other substances to which it is sometimes united, and by which it is also often surrounded. This terrible shower of mountains—arising from the progress of a planetary body violently struck by a comet, or caused by the explosion of the central volcano of that planet—poured at once upon the nucleus of ours, about which M. Chabrier does not trouble himself, the Alps, the Pyrenees, the Andes, &c. and all such beds of primitive rocks. These substances in combustion, falling on the tufted forests of the earth, reduced them to pitcoal!!

This, he farther maintains, was undoubtedly the planet which had for its satellites the four little moons, Ceres, Pallas, Vesta, and Juno, which irrefragably prove the former existence of that unfortunate planet. But even this monstrous shower of mountains is not enough for M. Chabrier: it was accompanied, he says, by all the waters of the planet, which, falling in cataracts, submerged the earth and deluged its inhabitants; but the rain of waters preceded that of the solids, and the latter came very opportunely to confine the waters in part, and to form our present continents and mountains,—but for which, Noah would not have found a resting-place. We must refer our readers to the work itself for the series of proofs and reasonings adduced by the author, which will we dare say convince them that M. Chabrier's system is extremely probable, and that bears all the marks of reality in the simple and easy explanation of all the facts. Thus, for instance, the fossil trees and fish, the petrified human skeleton of Guadaloupe, are remains of the vegetable and animal kingdoms of the destroyed planet, the fragments of which we tread under foot. But an idea which is certainly new, and deserving of the most serious attention, according to M. Chabrier, is, that some of the human creatures of this planet, notwithstanding their rough usage, may have survived this fall: and it is thus he accounts for the difference of races characterized by Blumenbach, Cuvier, &c. Thus the Negroes, the Americans, or the Malays, are probably descendants of the inhabitants of another world,

which was annihilated to punish our first parents.

NEW WORKS.

Fielding's Select Proverbs of all Nations, 18mo. 5s.—Curr's Account of Van-Diemen's Land, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Outline of a New Theory of the Earth, 8vo. 2s.—Malte-Brun's System of Geography, vol. v. part i. 7s. 6d.—Cooper's Surgical Lectures, by Tyrrell, vol. i. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Advice on Diet and Regimen, 8vo. 2s.—Morning Meditations, by the Author of 'The Retro-

spect,' &c. 12mo. 4s.—Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, vol. x. (new Series,) royal 8vo. 1l. 1s. 6d.

A work is announced, bearing the curious title of "Revelations of the Dead Alive," said to be from the pen of a dramatic writer.

"The Political and Military Life of Prince Eugene Beauharnois," in one small volume, is among the recent Parisian publications.

THE JOURNAL OF LIFE.

I LOVE to gaze at the midnight hour,
On the heavens, where all is shining;
I feel as if some enchanting pow'r
Around my heart were entwining:
To see the moon, like a beacon fair,
When the clouds sail swiftly by;
And the stars, like watch-lights in the air,
Illumine the Northern sky.

Ah! then I think on my boyhood's day,
When hope was brightly glowing,
And all my prospects were fair and gay,
And the tide of success was flowing—
I lov'd to look at the silvery light
Of the sparkling gem at the Pole;
And view the others so fair and bright,
That round it continually roll.

I lov'd to picture each well known sign,
Where planets their courses urge,
And watch to see them more brightly shine,
Arrived at their topmost verge;
But I trusted the ocean, and wander'd afar,
Where other stars sweetly shine,—
And quitted the isle of the Northern star
For the land of the cedar and pine.

Yes—after the toils of the desperate fight,
I've watch'd (by the cannon's mouth)
The varying forms of the dial of night,
The beautiful Cross of the South;
And I thought of how many lay dead on the plain,
Who saw it the night before—
Whose eyes would never behold it again,
Or gaze on their own home shore.

Then I thought on the fate of the coming day
When the burning troops would engage:
How many brave spirits would pass away
'Mid slaughter and maddening rage:
The morning came, and its early blush
Stream'd on the field of gore;—
The bugles sound, to the charge we rush,
While the cannon destructive roar!

"Hark! hark! to the shout and the deathful shriek,
The clang of the ringing steel,
The bitter groan when the heart-strings break,
The muskets' murdering peal;

And see, where the glittering bayonets meet,
Our banners waving free—
On! on! brave lads, for our foes retreat—
Press forward to Victory!"

And thus is the vision of glory's dream
Emblazon'd with blood and flame,
And wounds and death are the warrior's theme,
And this is his boasted fame:
Yet I followed the phantom far and near,
Where the billows are one white foam;
And still in pursuit, for many a year,
Through the world I continued to roam—

Till I prov'd man's ambition was false and vain,
And his fame like a cloud in the air;
Then I sought the home of my father again,
To rest from my labour and care,
But, ah! how chang'd was each form and mein—
The smile of affection was flown;
And dark and drear was each youthful scene
Which memory prized as her own.

In vain I looked for the cheering face
Of friend I had known before—
All formal and chill was their cold embrace,
For fortune denied me her store:
And many had quitted this vale of tears,
O'erwhelm'd by affliction's wave,
And, now alike both their hopes and fears,
Were laid at rest in the grave.

Then cheerless and griev'd, from the world I withdrew,
To the village and rural cot;
But here, where the days of my childhood flew,
There were strangers who knew me not.
In the regions of death, and there alone,
I now claim a kindred part;
And seated at eve on the cold grave-stone,
Commune with my own sad heart.

Yet still I gaze at the midnight hour,
On the heavens, where all is shining;
And feel as if some enchanting pow'r
Around my soul was entwining:
And still those stars, with their sparkling light,
Will shine on the wild-flow'rs bloom—
Whose eyes, surcharg'd with the tears of night,
Shall weep on my turf-raised tomb.

An O. S.—r.